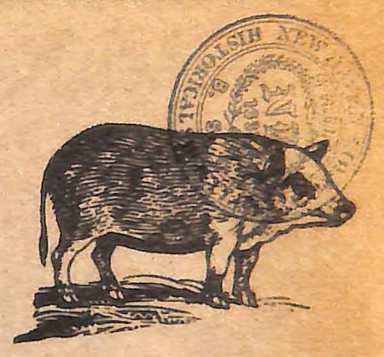
ON ROAST



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1970 vol. 1, no. 13

DISSER

2nd Article in a Series
by Sandy Sidar

This article was to have dealt with the bail hearings that were completed on December 4, which were summarized in the first article in this series, printed in the Christmas issue of VFB. With the guilty plea of Kimbro, however, the whole focus of the case changed, and I felt it necessary to devote this article to that change of focus.

The result of the bail hearing was that Frances Carter, one of the five defendants seeking to be admitted to bond, was released after posting $10,000. No sooner was she out of jail, however, than the prosecutor granted her immunity from prosecution under a Connecticut statute and tried to force her to give evidence in the case. When she refused, she was jailed for contempt of court. So, after having paid $750 in bondsmen's fees, she is back in prison. The other four who sought their freedom pending the trial, George Edwards, Rose Smith, Ericka Huggins and Margaret Hudgins, were denied by the court, which concluded that they were in jeapordy of conviction of capital crimes, and therefore were not eligible for bond.

* * * * * * * * * * *

About two weeks ago I was slumped in a big chair staring into Chanel 8's Late News when Warren Kimbro's picture flashed onto the screen and it was announced that he had entered a plea of guilty to 2nd degree mu[illegible] the Alex Rackley case. For those who have been covering the case, his plea of guilty is as significant as the guilty pleas of George Sams and Loretta Luckes were not. In effect his plea blew the Panther Party's story about the murder wide open. This is not to say that it proves that the police story is true. It indicates that if the current members of New Haven's Panther Party know the truth about the murder (and there is no reason to assume that they do, since presumably everyone even remotely connected with it is in jail,) they understandably did not consider it wise to broadcast it.

The Panthers have from the beginning contended that Sams was and is a police agent; that police murdered Rackley, who was a Panther in good standing, and then staged an elaborate raid, complete with phony tape recordings of an alleged torture session, to pin the murder on Party members. They claim that Loretta Luckes' guilty plea was the result of her many months of isolation in jail, during which time the prosecution was free to work on her confusion and fear. But they have never claimed that Warren Kimbro was anything but a party member in good standing, who was victimized by the police plot.

Two points should be made here. The first is that people have been known to enter pleas of guilty to crimes they did not commit, when it looks as if the truth will never come out. This is a possibility in Kimbro's case because 1st degree murder is punishable by death, and he was reportedly under severe pressure from his family and other sources to save his own life. The second is that Kimbro's plea should not be taken as an indication of the guilt of any of the other defendants. It should also be noted that Kimbro along with all the other defendants has been in isolation and under duress.

With these cautions in mind, however, it seems to me that the time has come to pinpoint the exact nature of the conspiracy to eliminate the Panthers as it has taken shape in New Haven. It seems fruitless -- if it ever was of any use -- to continue to protray the New Haven police and the FBI as a devastatingly efficient group of underground operators who fabricated a completely groundless case against the defendants in the Fackley trial by forging tapes, committing clandestine murders, transporting bodies to swamps, and planting evidence a la Mission Impossible. It would be naive to suppose that the FBI could not do these things if it wanted to, and perhaps more naive to pretend that it doesn't want to. But in the case of the New Haven Panthers, it just does not seem to have been necessary. Somebody killed Alex Fackley in New Haven, and by their own admission George Sams and Warren Kimbro were involved. The danger now is that what I believe was an independent action by a few members of an undisciplined local group will be used, because of the prevailing political climate in the whole country, to wipe out the whole group and to get at the national party for political reasons. This is what is meant by "using the courts for political repression," at least in this case. This is how it might work:

Kimbro's plea of guilty will put tremendous pressure on the rest of the defendants to plead guilty to lesser charges also, and to get their stories on the record

Dell

[illegible] News Stand
Renaissance
Yale Coop
BRANFORD
Daffodil Barrel
BRIDGEPORT
AIM
Pants
Pops Variety
Syndicate I
HAMDEN
Current Crafts
Custom Dress Boutique
Music Box
HARTFORD
I-Thou Book Shop
Kamala
Loft
Make Believe Shop
Sandal Shop
UFO
MERIDEN
Fever Tree
Music Box
NEW BRITAIN
Image Boutique
Regal Men's Shop
NEWINGTON
Doll Factory
SPRINGFIELD
UFO
STRATFORD
Knowplace
WALLINGFORD
Underground Co.

Aengus Aengus
Gregory Angus
Doctor Aquarius
Ed Askew
Mark Caliendo
Mary Caliendo
Charley
Bill Crawford
Carl Dimow
Joan Dimow
Ben Ellison
Gail Glassen
Paul Glassen
God
Wayne Greene
Jerry Hartell
Mitch Kapor
Karl Marx
Alan McKnight
Peter Moncure
Guy Nassberg
Patty or Phil
Andrew Popper
Donald C. Steed
Judy Visockis
Carl Williams

WESTPORT
Buffalo Shop
Liverpool
Rage Record
Remarkable Book Shop
WILTON
Buffalo Shop

[illegible] for Exit [illegible] privileges. Needed [illegible]. Contact Rich [illegible] Exit.

If you are interested in Weatherman politics and action call Jake 432-0334 or Ruy at 4321656.

We have all kinds of good stuff for sale at beautiful prices. Original clothing, tie-dyings, bones, furniture, jewelry, appliances, paintings, sculpture, plastics, and things. 624-8580 William Goodrich, 22 Lynwood Pl.

Wanted: Forest Harolow -- any information on him would be grateful. Call 568-6258 ask for Eileen.

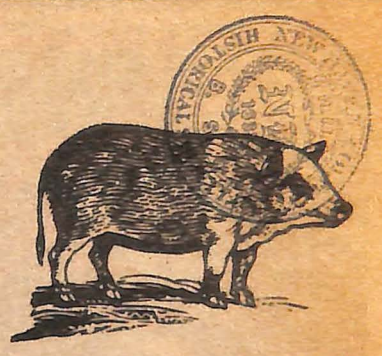
"PEACE ✌" bumper stickers. One for 75¢ -- 3 for 2 dollars. Collectors: Send for price list on political stickers. Matt Lutkus, Plank Road, Prospect, Conn., 06712.

Wanted: speakers or authorities on any subject, to appear before a small group of Wallingford High School students, on Thursday afternoons. Call Ron Page 269-7543.

Guitar instruction from experienced teacher. Folk, blues, classical. Call Alan, 865-4202.

Inexpensive classical guitar for sale. Good tone, new strings, case. Must sell to finance a new 12-string. Call Paul at 624-4855.

TATION UPON ROAST



early in order to please the prosecutors and gain reccomendations for reduced sentences or paroles. Kimbro will almost certainly turn state's evidence, and corroborate Sams' testimony to some degree. The other defendants will wonder whether he is pinning things on them that he might have done to make himself look better. So, held under sever and isolated conditions in jails throughout the state, unable to know what is being said about them behind their backs, the other defendants will under severe pressure, whether they are guilty or not, begin entering pleas of guilty to lesser charges.

The question now comes up as to why the state, if it has evidence that it thinks sufficient to convict on greater charges, will "let the defendants off the hook." In addition to the simple expedient of avoiding the risk of a jury trial and all the time and trouble it entails, it seems obvious that the state's primary objective in this case is to get Bobby Seale and not to punish whoever may have committed crimes.

Seale was in New Haven during the period in May when Rackley was allegedly being held and tortured at the Panthers' headquarters at 365 Orchard St. According to an affadavit signed by George Sams, Seale said with regard to Rackley, "a pig is a pig, do away with him," whereupon the murder was carried out. There is much speculation that the condition for acceptance of George Sams' plea of guilty to 2nd degree murder was that he implicate Bobby Seale -- whether Seale, after speaking at Yale, actually ever visited Panther headquarters and gave any "death order" or not. Needless to say, testimony corroborating that of Sams will be at a high premium when prosecutors decide whether or not to reccomend the acceptance of pleas of guilty to lesser charges. Judges can be counted on to cooperate with prosecutors in this case, and in fact this cooperation would amount to a conspiracy against the defendants.

But this murder case does not exist in a political and moral vacuum: it exists as a part of a continuing exchange between a party that preaches revolution and a government that denies the possibility of radical change, backing its denial up with an interlocking system of courts and police and paramilitary power groups. Briefly, the question of revolutionary violence arises.

The Black Panther philosophy contends that America's blacks are a colonized people within the geographical boundaries of the mother country, and that therefore the police of the mother country are the equivalent of occupation forces, and the courts incapable of doing them justice. If one were to grant the validity of this analogy, then one would also have to grant -- considering the widespread police attacks against Panthers throughout the country -- that the Panthers are justified in using violence to deal with infiltrators and provocateurs, just as any army does away with spies and agents in wartime. This is a perplexing question. However, it seems not to apply to the New Haven case. There is no evidence to indicate that Rackley really *was* an informer, or that his death was the result of any kind of high-level policy decision based on revolutionary necessity. Panther policy specifically requires that disloyal members be expelled from the Party, and their pictures be published in the Party paper, as the only punishment for their actions. It is doubtful that the Party's National Chairman Bobby Seale would have made an exception to this rule at all. It is especially doubtful in the case of someone as insignificant as Rackley.

One of the questions that will have to resolve itself soon involves the position of the local and national Panther Parties regarding the Rackley case. Will they continue to maintain that the whole affair is a police fabrication, and (now) that Kimbro pleaded guilty to something he didn't do? Or will they contend that they never really knew *what happened to Rackley, and that their position on the case has been their own extrapolation from examples of police frameups and brutality around the country? Or that their position has been dictated by the National officers, who (because of contact with Seale and imprisoned Panthers through their lawyers) may know more than the local party about what happened? If the Connecticut party accepts Kimbro's guilty plea at face value, it will either have to justify Rackley's death as an example of revolutionary violence, (an approach that may cut them off from moderate blacks and many white radicals,) or dissociate themselves from it as a mistake, a breach of party discipline, and an error. Of course it will be the Party's job (as it should be the job of all citizens) to attempt to build up an assumption of innocence with regard to the defendants in the trial, to point out that they will* never *under the present court system be granted a trial by their peers (men and women of similar racial, social and economic status) and to carry on their work in the direction of social (socialist) revolution, in order to bring "ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"*

PATRIOT MEETS UNCLE SAMS

This is a report concerning my arrest on January 21st, 1970, and my meeting with George Sams, the pig informer, at the Brooklyn State Jail in Brooklyn, Conn. on January 22nd, 1970.

My name is Tom Dostou, Field Marshall of the Patriot Party in the United States of Fascism. I arrived in New Haven, Conn. around five or six o'clock on the evening of January 21st, 1970. I went to the Patriot Branch office in Fair Haven, Conn. to check on the cadre and the captain, Larry Moore, and to see if there was anything that I could help them with concerning internal and external problems that were in the community at that time and in the cadre. I also paid a visit to the Black Panther's office, to visit my wife, who is a Panther-in-training, whom I had not seen for a number of days and to check in with a friend of mine, a comrade, Doug Miranda, who is captain of the New Haven Panther Party. At approximately 10:00 p.m. that evening my wife, Dorian, and my two sons, Anthony, age 4, and Patrice, age 1½, Sally Graham, Patriot Party Member, Dolores Burney, Panther-in-Training, Defense Captain of the Brooklyn Black Panther Party, Robert Webb, and myself arrived at 104 York Square where we were going to spend the night. We noticed there were many pig cars in the area, both marked and unmarked, and we figured that they were there for one purpose, to rip us off. We decided to proceed as we had intended to do and we left our car and went upstairs to the front door of the house. Just as I opened the door, the pigs came storming out of their cars up the stairs after us. Robert Webb took the women and children upstairs and I stayed down there to stop the pigs from busting in the house without a search warrant and ripping us all off. They grabbed me and handcuffed me from behind. There were two pigs doing it. They showed no badges, they were plainclothes pigs, no warrant, and they took my briefcase which had literature, Party literature, in it, and personal belongings and they ripped the briefcase off from one of the Patriot sisters who was carrying it for me and then dragged me downstairs to the pig car and knocked my head against a brick wall a couple of times just to make sure I was completely under their control, then drove me down to the New Haven pig intelligence office where I remained handcuffed and was interrogated for about an hour and a half. The pigs opened my briefcase and took out my personal belongings, all the party literature, all the books and educational material we use to teach the people about the true nature of the pig and this fascist society that we live under. They gave me a lot of bulls--t and both physical and mental abuse because of this literature, calling me a communist, nigger-lover, unamerican, and all that bulls--t the pigs are noted for. In the meantime, members of the Black Panther Party, with the Captain Doug Miranda, and members of the Patriot Party with Larry Moore had arrived at the pig station where they were holding me. My wife, who is nine months pregnant, was also there. We arrived at State Police Headquarters, Stafford Springs Barracks, approximately an hour and 10 minute ride from New Haven. When we arrived at this pig headquarters the pig took me to another interrogation room and prepared to meet my comrades who were still following us from New Haven to Stafford Springs. The pigs got very up-tight and brought out police dogs and a few other weapons; 2 Thompsons, and there was much talk about ripping off the Panthers and the Patriots; if the situation got out of hand. In the meantime, the pigs had gotten the head pig of the State Police force in Connecticut to conduct my interrogation, State Police Major Samuel Rohm, Chief Pig of the State Police Intelligence Bureau started the interrogation. They first tried to accuse me of a murder charge, some bulls--t trumped up charge that they tried to get Brother Bobby, Chairman Bobby Seale, on. The pig then held a 44-caliber magnum pistol to my head and told me that playing with guns was very dangerous and I was too important to the party to die on some bulls--t rap, and so he could see that I was intelligent enough that they could deal with me on a higher level. All I had to do was tell them where my comrades kept their guns and ammunition and they would see to it that I was not harrassed in any way; in fact, I could go free right now if I cooperated with them. I'm not in the habit of even talking with pigs, I don't even want to see them. This pig sitting there, oinking to me, was a little too much than I could stand at the present time, so I told him that the only way he'd get my weapons or ammunition would be to take them out of my home, and if he did try that, I'd treat him as a common criminal and a thief. In the meantime my comrades from the Patriot and the Black Panther Party had arrived, and were giving the pigs a run for their money downstairs in the waiting room. The pigs then realized that they could not carry out their fascist plan at this time and took me to a back entrance and into a waiting pig car. At approximately 4:00 in the morning, January 22nd, 1970, I was taken to Brooklyn County jail in Brooklyn, Conn. Later that morning, around 12 o'clock, I was taken from my cell and brought to a courthouse, where I was arraigned and charged with non-support and possession of controlled drugs, in violation of the Narcotics Act, whatever all those things mean, all of that bulls--t. I was then brought back to the jail and placed in my cell again. While I was in my cell, I was confronted face-to-face with one of the lowest, bootlicking lackey pigs I ever met in my life, by the name of George Sams. George Sams stood there with three of his sidekicks, I guess you'd call them. They were trustees, pig-lovers and George Sams asked me what I was doing in jail. I had met George Sams twice previously to this time, once at the New Haven Black Panther headquarters, when Ericka Huggins was still free, and once while I was in jail under another charge, and he also was in the same jail. This third time I was on the inside of the bars and George Sams was on the outside looking in. He told me that he would never serve any time in jail, that he would kill any inmate who tried to interfere with his privileges, and that the pig guards would just stand by and allow him to kill any inmate, because he had done so last month. He said he had beaten an inmate so badly that he felt sorry for him and stopped beating him. And the jail guard did nothing until it was all over. So Sams told me that he wouldn't serve a day in jail and that nobody better mess with him while they were in jail. As he spoke to me, he had a piece of a broom handle in his hand. It was like a club. I could see that he and his lackey trustees who were bodyguards would really like to brutalize political prisoners, or for that matter, any prisoner who crossed their path. That evening, about six or seven o'clock, I received bail and made it back out into the streets again. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE. FREE HUEY. FREE BOBBY FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. REVOLUTION IN OUR LIFETIME.

Tom Dostou
Field Marshall
Patriot Party

SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

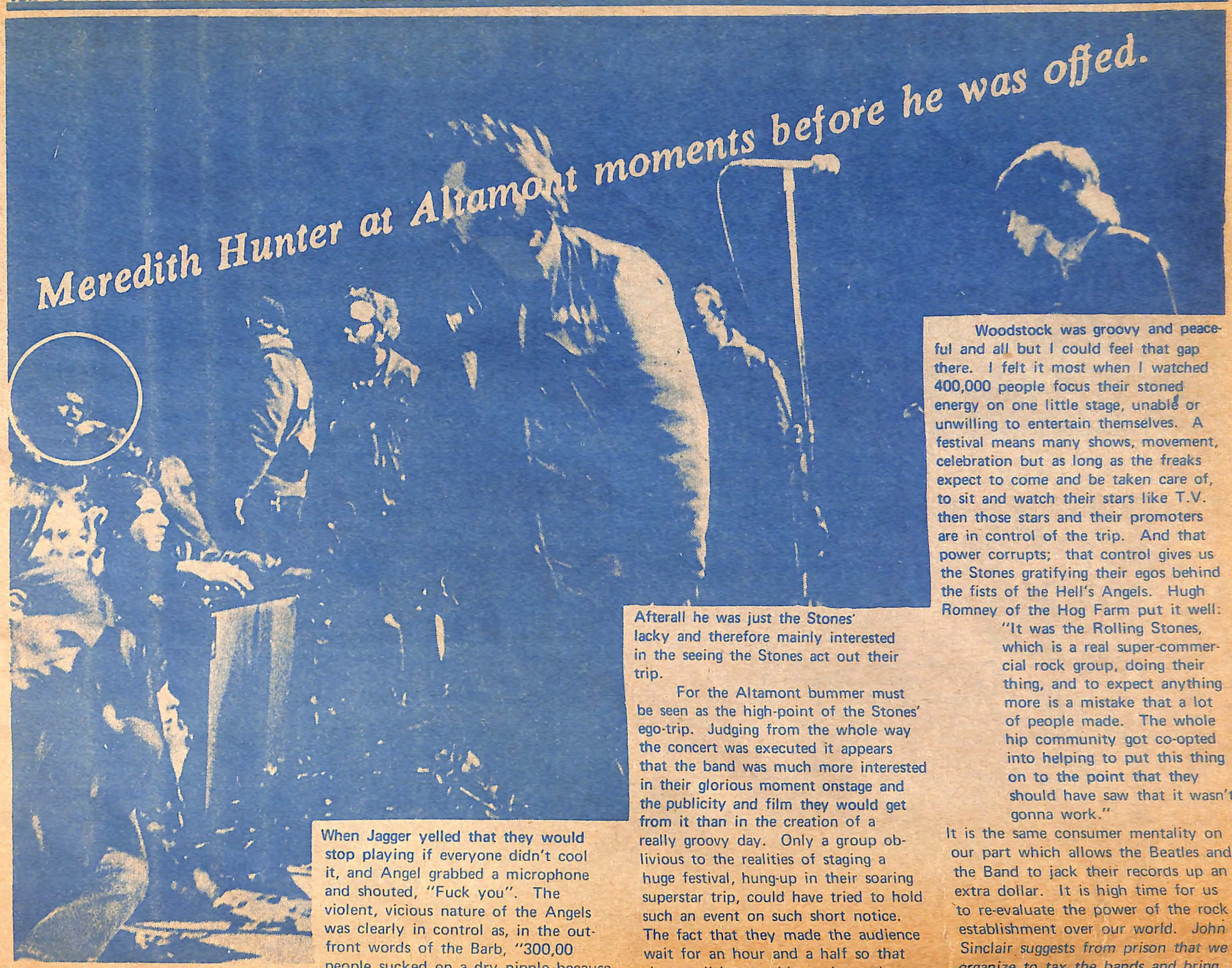
I climbed up the mountain to be alone -- Dig the sunset. Put pieces (fucking pieces man, can never remember if it's "ei" or "ie") together. Eat some almonds -- maybe do some writing. Up there for awhile, ran into some unknown friends. They offered me some water -- I gave them some almonds-- started rapping. Watching the sungo down or is it the Earth coming up. Being quiet. Half laughing about some serious things. The sun further down behind the mountains. People arrive down below -- Can hear their music -- The moon comes into focus from behind. A strip of orange studs the mountains. Soon the world to the West is going blind. Back in Tucson neon psychosis spreads like a demented luminous jellyfish. Starting to get cold. Chick wants to know the quickest way down. I tell her to eat lots of sugar. We laugh and stumble down the mountain. People at the bottom smoking. Offer us apples oranges grass. I'm out of almonds, but the other guy from our party has a pocket full of dates which he passes around. We stand around smoking for about twenty minutes. Digging the stars. The moon isn't quite full but it will be tomorrow if it keeps up at this rate. Just sitting around smoking when a shark wagon comes down the road. The man with dope eases his way into the brush. I thought, well, so this is finally it. Two cops come out, one looking like a cop, the other resembled something stolen from a cornfield. The cop asks us how long we're staying. A couple of hours maybe -- "You kids don't have any "*booze*" do you." No No man No booze -- okay Merry Christmas man Yeah same to you. And they drive off. "Lucky we didn't have any booze." Laughter -- Great Clean Uncomplicated. The guy who ran into the dark comes out wanting to know what's happened. We smoke again. Later he tells us he threw his grass into the brush. So we surround our one flashlight and go searching for his lid, which he says is in two plastic bags. After a half hour, still no plastic bags. One of the chicks screams the light shines on a hand in the path. It's then he remembers he stuck his stash in his work gloves. Another girl finds the other glove and we head back toward the clearing, where the group that turned us on decides to split. We sit around -- grooving on the moon. Being stoned and outside to enjoy it. We talk about growing one giant carrot instead of growing a thousand little ones. One large enough to feed an entire city -- or is rolled to the outskirts -- where people cut off a share. The same is done for tomatoes, oranges, brussel sprouts, right down the line until we run into cows. Man. If you have a cow proportionately larger than a carrot, or a brussel sprout, large enough to feed an entire city, you're going to have a big fucking cow on your hands. So we decide on a few things. One, if you keep a cow tied up, which for obvious reasons would have to happen, he or she would keep shitting in the same place. After a few days of this it would probably knock the Earth off balance. So to alleviate this situation we decide to have a cow turnign day three times a week. A prescribed schedule. So everyone will know. With flashing signs -- "Watch your head it's cow turning day." Around eight we run out of things to say -- down to the road into our cars. "See you on Sixth Street." Without reciting names. Down we go. Into the city that crawling amoeba. Into it we go. Trying to make it home. Into bed. Let your head unroll.

Hello

This has been a letter from Duke -- who is for the most part doing okay -- getting by. If you get the chance you've got a place to stay for awhile.

Pen and Paper courtesy of Olin
Stamp -- U.S. Government
Set Design -- 100 Acre Wood
Audio and Visual -- "Big Boy" Cruddup -- with one "D"
Tea Leaves provided by the Bill of Rites

Do not move your finger from here until I get back.



Meredith Hunter at Altamont moments before he was offed.

for YOUR entertainment

The Rolling Stone's free concert in California on Dec. 6 was a bummer. On that day 300,000 people converged outside San Francisco with the intention of recreating the mood of Woodstock and ended up with something closer to Dante's Inferno.

The Altamont raceway, chosen as the concert site just the day before, was treeless and desolate. The sanitary and food facilities arranged were only capable of handling a small percentage of the people. The sound system was crappy. And, worst of all, the Stone's management had hired the Hell's Angels to guard the stage.

The Angels, loaded of wine, beer and speedy acid, went at their job with a passion. They swaggered all around the stage, blocking off the performers. Throughout the afternoon they fought sporadically with the people crowding to the front of the stage, sending many off on stretchers. When Marty Balin of the Airplane tried to break up one of these fights he was knocked unconscious. They drove their bikes through the crowd and revved their engines over the music. And, finally, while the Stone's sang "Sympathy for the Devil" and thousands of freaks looked on they stabbed and kicked a young blackman named Meridith Hunter to death.

> "There was a big hole on his spine and big hole on the side and there was a big hole in his temple. A big open slice. You could see all the way in. His whole mouth and stuff was bashed up into his nose and he couldn't breathe. There really wasn't anything we could do."

When Jagger yelled that they would stop playing if everyone didn't cool it, and Angel grabbed a microphone and shouted, "Fuck you". The violent, vicious nature of the Angels was clearly in control as, in the out-front words of the Barb, "300,00 people sucked on a dry nipple because it was free."

In the weeks since the debacle, while the audience nursed their bummers and neighbors tried to clean up what looked like the aftermath of a hurricane, everyone concerned with the event was trying to blame someone else. But, in the last analysis, we are all to blame.

Sure, the Angels were responsible for the immediate bloodshed but one could have expected that. The bikers live in a simple world of blood and beer, friends and enemies. They take pride and pleasure in the dual forces of titillation and repulsion they command in outsiders. Like school bullies, their act gets louder the more people are watching. Given the job they had, the vast quantities of dope and booze they took, and the incredible amount of attention focused upon them, the Angels simply did what Angels do. So, whohired the Angels? Sam Cutler, the Stones' road manager; apparently he knew the Angels only by reputation and thought that they would be the hip people to have as security. The repudation he knew from England, of course, was that romanticized vision of the Angels that began in the Haight and still lingers today among the hip. But even if Cutler didn't know what he was hiring, he probably didn't care. He supposedly said "I don't care what they do as long as they keep the stage clear."

Afterall he was just the Stones' lacky and therefore mainly interested in the seeing the Stones act out their trip.

For the Altamont bummer must be seen as the high-point of the Stones' ego-trip. Judging from the whole way the concert was executed it appears that the band was much more interested in their glorious moment onstage and the publicity and film they would get from it than in the creation of a really groovy day. Only a group oblivious to the realities of staging a huge festival, hung-up in their soaring superstar trip, could have tried to hold such an event on such short notice. The fact that they made the audience wait for an hour and a half so that the spotlights would stand out shows where they're at. They are the greatest rock and roll band in the world and that, unfortunately, insulates them in a stoned cocoon far above the world of their fans.

And there lies the essence of the Altamont Bummer. The idea of a festival as a place for the young to revel in their own numbers, their lifestyle and their music is one thing. The sight of hundreds of thousands gathering at their satanic majesty's request only to be mistreated and even beaten and then to stand by while thugs murder one of their own is scary. The photos of the chaos of wine bottles and junk left by the thousands too fucked up to stand up to a hundred Angels or object to a group which had used them so crassly or even to pick up after themselves are vulgar. There is a gap between what we think we can do and what we really do.

Woodstock was groovy and peaceful and all but I could feel that gap there. I felt it most when I watched 400,000 people focus their stoned energy on one little stage, unable or unwilling to entertain themselves. A festival means many shows, movement, celebration but as long as the freaks expect to come and be taken care of, to sit and watch their stars like T.V. then those stars and their promoters are in control of the trip. And that power corrupts; that control gives us the Stones gratifying their egos behind the fists of the Hell's Angels. Hugh Romney of the Hog Farm put it well:

> "It was the Rolling Stones, which is a real super-commercial rock group, doing their thing, and to expect anything more is a mistake that a lot of people made. The whole hip community got co-opted into helping to put this thing on to the point that they should have saw that it wasn't gonna work."

It is the same consumer mentality on our part which allows the Beatles and the Band to jack their records up an extra dollar. It is high time for us to re-evaluate the power of the rock establishment over our world. John Sinclair suggests from prison that we organize to tax the bands and bring some money back into the community where it belongs. Romney says we must stage festivals revolving around ourselves, with many stages, with freaks as willing to care for the needs of the mini-city as groove with it all. Hopefully, Meridith Hunter's blood has taught many of us that we can not go on being the subjects of Mick Jagger and his kind.

Wyeth Fiercely Proud Of America

Couldn't Care Less About Dissenters

The New Haven Register

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 06503, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1970

Refugees Slain, Homes Burned

Reds Kill Civilians Near Massacre Site

Legionnaires Raise Funds For Calley

Peaceniks Seek Air Time Say Dissidents Hurt Middle

Branford Air Force Captain

CAPT. ROBERT WEISER

Winter's Desolation

AP and UPI

The Head And Heart Of Richard Nixon

Holmes Alexander

Franco Has Planned Well

Bruce Biossat

Deception May Be Hanoi's Secret Weapon

Scoreboard

NBA

Eastern Division	Won	Lost	Pct.	GB
New York	37	10	.787	—
Milwaukee	31	15	.674	5½
Baltimore	29	17	.630	7½
Philadelphia	24	22	.522	12½
Cincinnati	22	25	.468	15
Boston	18	26	.409	17½
Detroit	17	29	.370	19½
Western Division				
Atlanta	28	20	.583	—
Los Angeles	21	22	.488	4½
Chicago	22	24	.478	5
San Francisco	20	25	.444	6
Phoenix	19	28	.404	8½
San Diego	18	27	.400	8½
Seattle	15	31	.326	12

Tuesday's Results

Boston 111, Seattle 102
Philadelphia 136, Atlanta 105
Detroit 115, San Francisco 102
Milwaukee 112, Cincinnati 92
Baltimore 144, San Diego 126

.75					
4.					
.50	56				
2	161				
.35	z190	3			
10	z10	28			
Am	2787	13			
.40	x747	35⅞			
Capit	45	15	14		
.42e	61	10⅛	9⅞		
d .60	136	23¼	22⅛		
L 1.50	84	24	23¼	23	
pf6.25	6	96	95	96	
ex .52g	14	7¾	7⅛	7¼	—
ncp .80	47	23⅛	22	22⅛	—
Rand 2	347	37¾	34⅜	36	+1⅛
d pf2.35	39	35½	33⅛	33⅛	— ⅞
d Stl 2	618	27⅞	26⅛	26⅛	—1⅜
ntCn .76	306	13½	12¾	12[illegible]	

Ann Landers Says It May Cause Nausea

—GENERATION GAPPED

DEAR GAPPED:

Parents who collapse to such outrageous demands are abdicating their responsibilities, encouraging pre-marital sex and letting their sons and daughters down badly.

College kids are still kids. They are testing, probing, pushing, trying to see how far they can go. They don't want everything they ask for. In fact often they are relieved when they are told "NO."

If your college student son or daughter *asks for* permission to bring a bed-partner *home for* a holiday, the answer should be..."If you are sleeping together at school, that's your business. A kid who is old *enough to* go away to school can decide for himself matters of this nature. But don't think you're going to turn our home into a free love passion pit. We may be square, but these are the rules of the house and you can like it or lump it."

Invites Arrest On Dope Charge To Avoid Draft

INVADERS LEAVE — More than 55 invaders abandoned their sit-in last night at the offices of the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, leaving the offices "a shambles." MIT officials had rejected the demonstrators' demands. A spokesman said obscenities had been scrawled on the walls and on carpeting in red paint. Here, a youth inspects battered door of office of President Howard W. Johnson.

Display OLD GLORY With Pride

$3.00

THIS OFFER IS MADE TO EXCITE THE PATRIOTISM OF OUR READERS

Police Distribute Booklet On Drug Abuse Problems

PARTNERS POLICE AND PUBLIC

All the wild, young looks . . . for the greatest way to fake it this winter

Below are the first two of a series of letters from a member of the New Haven Revolutionary Youth Movement II. The names have been changed but otherwise only minor editing was done, and sections deleated. Tom is in Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade cutting sugar with about 300 other Americans. This month around 900 more Americans are going to relieve them.

Dear Steve,

Finding a typewriter in camp makes it easier to write to you. There is so much to do here. Not the pressure like there is in the United States. Laurie and I were just talking about how at home, you would feel like, "My God, I have 9 hours of homework to do." Here, work, sleep and food are primary. Everything else falls in its place, or remains undone. No anxiety. Yesterday, in the middle of yoga exercises, John fell asleep on the grass. I fall asleep all the time. When I get up, there is work or reading. Then sleep. Life assumes an order flowing from essentials.

The camp, holding 216 Americans and uncounted Cubans, is roughly divided into two parts. On one end is a large dining hall, supply and laundry pick-up room, first-aid station, kitchen, open area for movies (with palm stumps and trunks for benches), large recreating center (including, stage, drums, sound booths for simultaneous translation, tv, long benches). The gray wide pebbled paths lead to the tents.

Each tent holds 10 or 12 double bunks. They are narrow. No box springs here -- the base of the bed is of pressed shavings from sugar cane, about 1½" thick. Mattresses are very thin but the whole thing makes for great sleeping. We have mosquito netting over each bunk, and mosquito netting on the four windows which we can open on the side of the tent.

There are loudspeakers throughout the camp, which play (sometimes blast) Cuban and American music, and English news broadcasts from Havana. You wouldn't believe the American music. Good morning, starshine is a Cuban favorite. Oh Blandee, oh Blanda (or whatever the fuck it is) is heard occasionally. An orchestral version of The Age of Acquarius. The Cubans are not into the words. They would certainly not approve of what that particular form of anesthetic bullshit is about. But they like the sounds, which in some ways are close to Cuban music. Talks with several Cubans reveal the attitude that "we like all music," "music is not political." That I believe is incorrect, but Cubans do not have the plastic renaissance of America in their consciousness. (Mozart and Bach do not seem to fit in here, incidentally. Hard rock does -- and a lot of blues -- and soon we are going to have a real live stereo in the recreation center.

The Cubans have given us soap, wash brushes, laundry service, sheets, towels, toothpaste, workshirts, pants, sweatshirts, excellent work boots, gloves (the machete glove is light -- the other, which people occasionally chop into, is protected by small internal wires). The food is outasight, and plentiful. Food is rationed in Cuba, but a canecutter cannot live on rations and meet a 10 million ton quota. Fidel made a speech on yogurt awhile ago, and now lots of Cubans eat it. I got into a whole rap with a guy who works in a yogurt factory one evening.

My back is hurting (even with Yoga exercises at least once a day). Besides, I always get anxious when I write (thank you, capitalist society). When I take up this letter again, I'll move into heavier stuff.

Venceremos!

It's now Sunday night. Most of the camp is at the outdoor movie, which is, believe it or not, LORD OF THE FLIES. We have movies twice a week.

This weekend has been incredible. Saturday at 2 a whole delegation of Vietnamese showed up for the afternoon, including 5 young fighters from the Front. We got several speeches, and then a question and answer period. The Vietnamese chose not to answer several of the questions, and told us nothing new. It is disturbing how many people reacted to the whole thing by calling it "rhetoric." I do not understand how any revolutionary anywhere can call the common language of millions of people, who at this minute are dealing a death blow to US Imperialism, rhetoric. But then again, Cuba for us is a combination of a real struggle in the fields – and one incredible high. Like dinner was all excitment, as everyone crowded around the Vietnamese, had pictures taken with them for their draft boards, and a draft card was burned. In this kind of atmosphere – and especially in the situation where the Cubans are giving us so much – revolutionary inspiration and dedication does not directly challenge entrenched bourgeois individualism. The struggle will be long and hard.

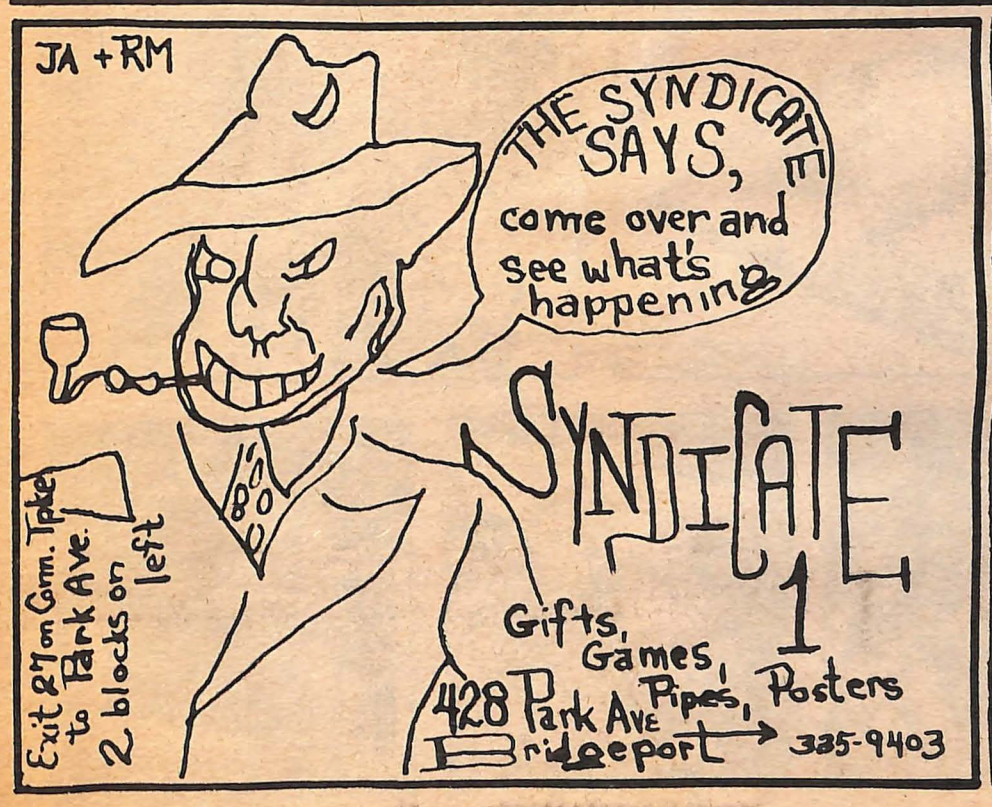
One can't let all of this stoned life lead him off. Cuba is a revolutionary society, and in revolutionary society one is stoned because one is free to work with one's fellow men. Everyone smiles at everyone else, and I at least cannot imagine locking up my possessions. None of us think about life in the States. Everytime I think of the fucking polluted air in New Haven (even the blue water and clear skies of Cuba cannot get that poison out of my lungs), I resolve that we had better make the revolution fast.

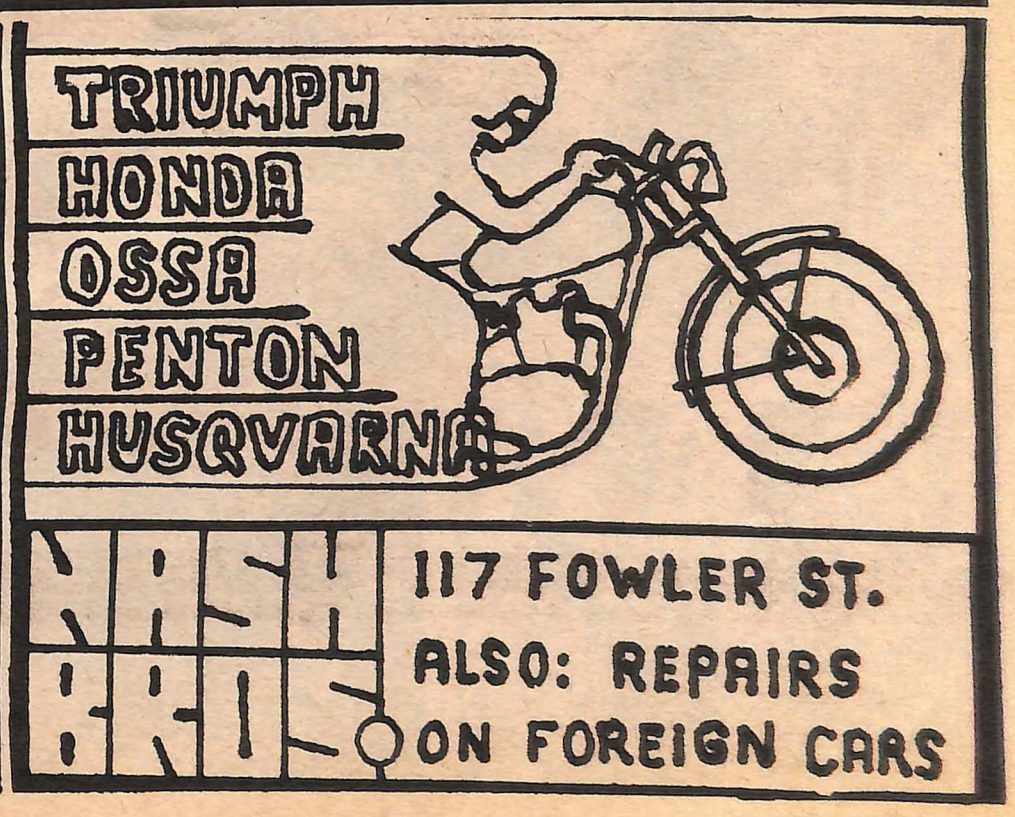
Which, to get down to it, finally, is why I write this letter. We know now what a revolution is like, and what communism promises for the people. We do not know how to make the revolution, except to hold forever in the forefront of our struggle our solidarity with the peoples of the Americas and of the third world. We talk daily about our struggle. So far we have dedicated our cutting to the Vietnamese, and to the slain Chicago Panthers. There are a lot of Weathermen here, and they came down consciously to organize people into their collectives. Politics are in the forefront, both in the fields and in the mother country.

More later.

Venceremos,

Tom





story (life as seen from the place called Big Sur)

by Carl Dimow

Far away in a faraway land where life is life,
and death is death,
and love is love,
and water is wet, there is a place
where the green is green trees seem to reach out forever is for ever in all directions. And if you go there at the right time of year and look very hard you may find an old and greyed young man sitting at a picnic table. If you ask him what he is doing there, he won't answer, but sometimes he will draw pictures which he won't let you see.

I was born in a courtroom. The judge called the court to order. Then he pointed to me. "Explain youself.", he said.

Leonard was born in a classroom. The teacher called the class to order. Then he pointed to Leonard. "Answer the question.", he said.

I remember a room way up near the top of a building. I painted and took care of the room all by myself. There were always two janitors yelling up at my back window. It was my only window. But I could never hear what they said. I guess they were mad bacause I was doing their work. There was a ladder going from my window to where they were standing, but I was afraid to climb down it and I guess they were afraid to climb up. When I left, I just went down the stairs and out the front. They never even saw me leave.

I remember a kitchen. There's no reason for me to think of it as one because it was an almost empty white room. Nevertheless it was a kitchen. The one thing in it was a hookah sitting on the floor against one of the walls.
My sister and I tried to see what it was like. After that, if I was walking thru the kitchen, I might take a puff on it.

Once we got to wondering what would happen if our mother saw it.
I asked Leonard what he thought.
"Why you'd turn her on, of course."
Of course.

Leonard had a friend but he was oppressed. Once I decided to shoot him. I saw him in the cafeteria and had my pistol all ready. That's when he showed me the newspaper.

Leonard's friend showed me a newspaper in the cafeteria one day. We sat on the floor.
"Have you seen this newspaper he said."
I looked at it.
"But it's all want ads," I said.

When Leonard wrote his book, my sister and I both thought we should get it and read it. Our mother bought us a copy. My sister read it while I argued with our mother about how two persons could have one book. Finally I ripped it in half and we each kept half.

Once I had a dream. I talked to Leonard about it.
"Leonard, I had a dream last night."
"Tell me about it."
"It was about my mother. In the midst of deep sleep, I became semi-conscious and suddenly saw the whole way that my mother sees me and relates to me. It shocked me so much that I woke up."
"So how does she see you?"
"I forgot."

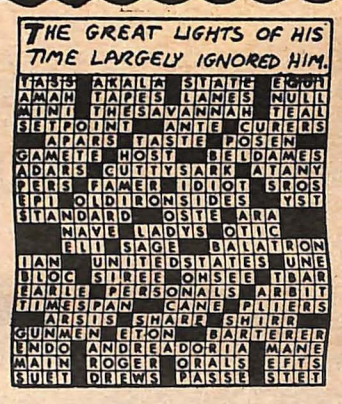
Leonard wrote a book. I didn't read it but my sister did. They gave him a class in the school to teach it to. I went to the class one day. Leonard read to the students from the book and they wrote down what he said.
This is what they wrote:

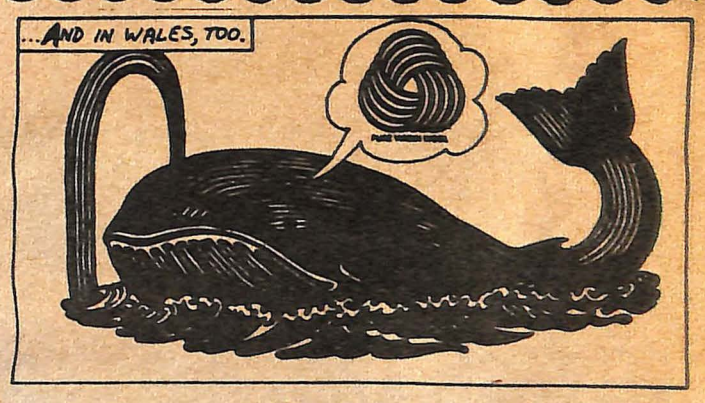
> In 2069, (or maybe 5069 (maybe my parentheses, maybe theirs (maybe Leonard's))), the wind stopped howling, the trees and people stopped growing, mountain climbers stopped mountain climbing, men looked backwards at themselves, and a flock of eagles stopped in midflight and remained stationary for the rest of eternity.

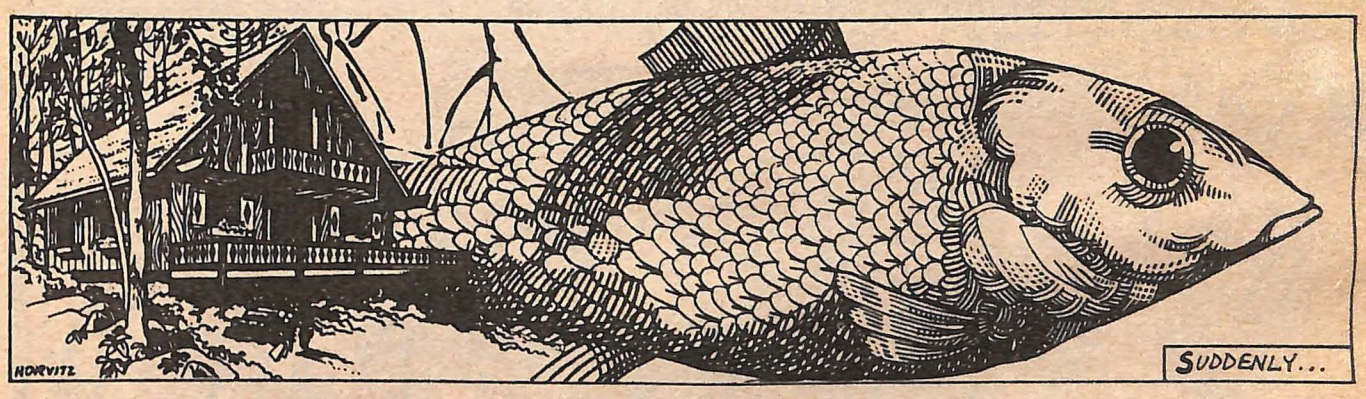
After the class I went up to Leonard and said,
"But Leonard, all they're doing is copying what you say and you're just reading from your book."
"That's the whole point. Now they can do it to."
"Do what?"
"Write my book. Anyway, I just invented a machine to teach my book."
Now they gave him a class to teach how his machine works.

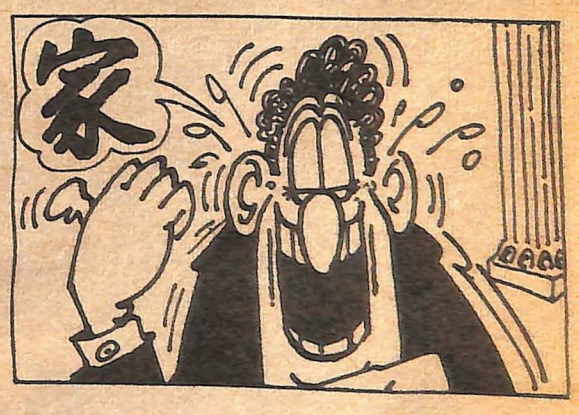
I have a vivid memory of school. School was a long dark hallway. It appeared to be so long that you couldn't see the end of it. But that wasn't because of it's length. Even the people at the very end couldn't see the end of it.
It was in the same building as the courtroom where I was born, the classroom where Leonard was born, the empty kitchen where I smoked the hookah, the classroom where Leonard taught his book, the cafeteria where I almost shot Leonard's friend who showed me the newspaper, and the room near the top that I painted and took care of all by myself.
I'm almost certain that there were other things in the building for to look at it, it seemed to reach out forever in all directions.

Well that's the end of what Leonard read,
and that's the end of my story,
but that's not the end.









ROACHES

After a strong media campaign, indictments were handed down against 19 of the approximately 400 people who smashed the ROTC offices at the University of Buffalo on Oct. 15th. The "Mad Vandals" face seven counts including burglary in the third degree, criminal mischief in the first degree, riot in the first degree, inciting a riot, and two counts of conspiracy. No trial date has been set, but the trial promises to be a major confrontation. The 19 come from all areas of Buffalo's radical organizing activity. Once again the structure is showing its true face, but the 19 promise to continue the fight to "bring the mother down."

You've heard about Song My, where something like five hundred were massacred. Soon you'll be learning new names, like Kong Hring (350 killed), Belangan (250), and Thai Hiep (200). These massacres, and many, many more have been committed by United States troops in the Vietnam war zone.

Where does the responsibility lie? The government is trying to make the incidents seem like isolated acts of brutality by criminal soldiers. By trying Lt. Calley and a few others, it seeks to wash its hands in the public view. But brutality is the direct result of U.S. military policy in the field, the policy of search-and-destroy, free-fire zones, the policy of destroying people's villages and forcing them into "strategic hamlets," which we should call concentration camps. Try a few obvious scapegoats, and business as usual!

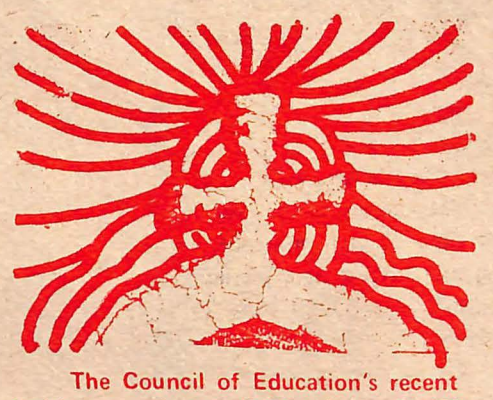
Now some returned veterans of the war are establishing commissions of inquiry in their local communities to investigate Vietnam massacres and place the blame where it really lies. Inspired by Bertrand Russell's War Crimes Tribunals (which most "free" and "informed" Americans scoffed at) these vets are interested in hearing of any acts of brutality committed under U.S. military policy in Vietnam. If you've served time over there and have a tale to tell, write or phone the National Committee for a Citizens' Commission of Inquiry, Rm. 1005, 156 Fifth Ave,. New York, N.Y. 10010; (212) 989-0164. Strictest confidence will be observed.

antiques

View From the Bottom is gathering information on suspected undercover narcs and informers. Lots of us have been busted and have hunches as to who might have been the supplier of "speedy information". We need help to confirm our hunches and concrete information on who the rats are. So as an incentive we're offering a free subscription to anyone who supplies us with information leading to the exposure of pigs, oinkers, rats and finks. So you rat-finks look out -- Rufus is watching you. If you have information tell us about it either by letter or in person. Not the phone.

That "blue-ribbon" investigation of Panther leader Fred Hampton's murder in Chicago ended as we knew it would. After listening to 14 assorted pig "experts" organize their lies for 12 days, the coroner's jury found the murders of Hampton and Mark Clark to be justifiable. Ignoring the undeniable evidence that there were no bullet holes fired in the direction of the door, the jury whitewashed Sgt. Daniel Groth's men. Hampton's mother said that folksy presiding attorney Martin Gerber "...did everything except pull the trigger."

"We are", claims King Brewster of Yale, "best equipped to be our brothers' thinker." And in that spirit Yale is tearing down George and Harry's (which it now owns) along with the Yale Health Center, and the Elizabethan Club, to name a few. In short the block behind the Exit will be the new home of the Institute for Social and Policy Studies. At a cost of over $52 million anyone could be his brother's thinker. Put another way, also in Brewster's words, "The stakes are high. There is no denying a certain institutional self interest in the protection of its privileged existence from the threats inherent in urban decay." Yale's answer to urban decay is to build a center which would help them control the development of New Haven in an even less veiled way than they now are doing through redevelopment. The Rowing Course, the Mellon Art Gallery and now a Social Science Center.



The Council of Education's recent decision to reinstate ROTC (after ROTC drills were temporarily suspended for the fall term) was hardly astonishing, considering that the government had stacked the council with statehood party supporters, and that Council Chairman Roberto Buso made a special visit to Washington before the decision. Washington's subtle intervention underscores Puerto Rico's need for independence from colonial rule.

A 28-day hunger strike staged by 32 students in the foyer of the administration building back in October ended when the Academic Senate voted to recommend the discontinuation of ROTC to the Council of Higher Education. The day after the Senate's decision, a pro-ROTC march erupted in violence when cadets, VFW members and Cuban exiles arrived on campus armed with molotov cocktails.

"Either Yankees or Puerto Ricans," wrote Pedro Abizu Campos, father of the independence movement. Since Edwin Feliciano Grafals became the first Puerto Rican to be sentenced for refusing induction back in September, the presence of ROTC on the University of San Juan's Rio Piedras campus has ignited a series of demonstrations aimed at removal of ROTC and eventual independence from the United States.

Puerto Rico has served as a military base for the United States with thirteen per cent of the island occupied by U.S. military forces. Proportionately more Puerto Ricans than any other minority group -- including black Americans, serve in the U.S. armed forces.

A ROCK

There's lots of simple acts of sabotage which primarily serve to let the man know where we stand and make the environment feel more hospitable to our revolution. Here's a few examples:

1. Write slogans like: off the pigs, Victory for the NLF, Free Huey, Free Dope, etc. on all your paper money before passing it on.
2. Spray slogans on buildings, sidewalks, street signs, school halls, cop cars, etc.
3. Stencil a large yellow star on mail boxes where the red and blue meet: presto -- an NLF flag!
4. With epoxy cement glue pennies in parking meter slots
5. Smoke dope in theaters and other public places when the lights are off.

The *Glass Onion* -- a high school underground paper in Fairfield (and soon to be in Bridgeport) has a few people upset -- damn shame! Freedom of the press may be bullshit and many "concerned parents may have felt that it could never happen here" but it did. 2500 were passed out in Fairfield in January (total cost $37.00) and soon with the help of Minority 5 in Bridgeport the disease will spread. Whoopee!! The Fairfield Board of Education immediately banned it (unofficially) and the Headmaster of Andrew Warde High School said it's OK to pass it out (unofficially). It seems that the real opposition is coming from Football coach Tetreau who is spruning on his athletes to harrass the paper people and destroy copies. Good luck Coach -- you preserver of the Amerikan way of life -- death!!

IF YOU

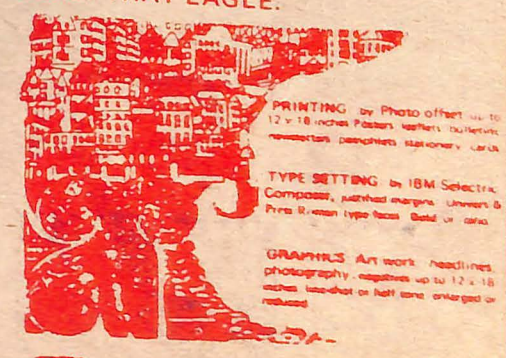
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY! IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S AN AMERIKAN EAGLE AND IT'S COMING OUR WAY.

A man named Sid Peck. *August 28, 1968. Chicago, Illinois. demonstrators, pigs, scalp wounds, body bruises, swollen testes, multiple fracture of the left hand; disorderly conduct, aggravated assault, resisting arrest.*

Peck a sociology professor from Cleveland was beaten while trying to negotiate for crowd marching and dispersal rights at the Chicago Convention. February 6, 1969, Peck refused to plead guilty and the Daley machine escalated the charges to two counts of aggravated battery and two counts of resisting arrest. The sentence may go as high as twelve years and twenty-two thousand dollars in fines. Peck was also named as a non-indicted co-conspirator in the Chicago Conspiracy. THE AMERIKAN EAGLE IS SWOOPING DOWN FOR A LANDING. IT'S GOT EIGHT TALONS INTO THE BACKS AND BALLS OF THE CONSPIRACY AND IT'S GETTING IT'S NINTH INTO SID PECK. Court costs in the Peck case will probably go as high as $40,000. So if you've got that much bread lying around, send it to:

PROFESSOR SIDNEY PECK
DEFENSE FUND
c/o REV. RAY MILKETHUN
UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
11205 EUCLID AVENUE
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44106

AND IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE BREAD, THAN YOU BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT EAGLE.



The Advocate Press
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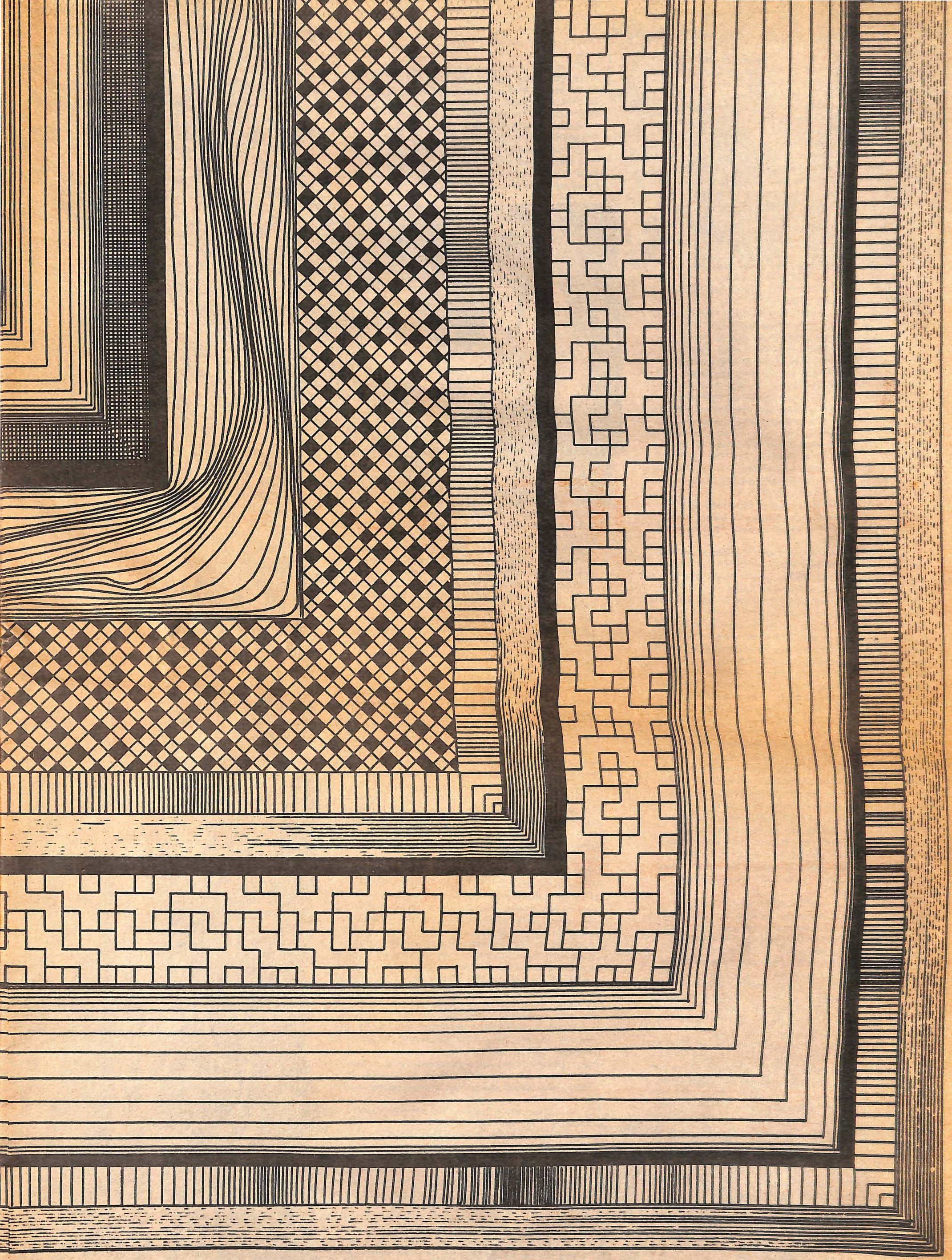

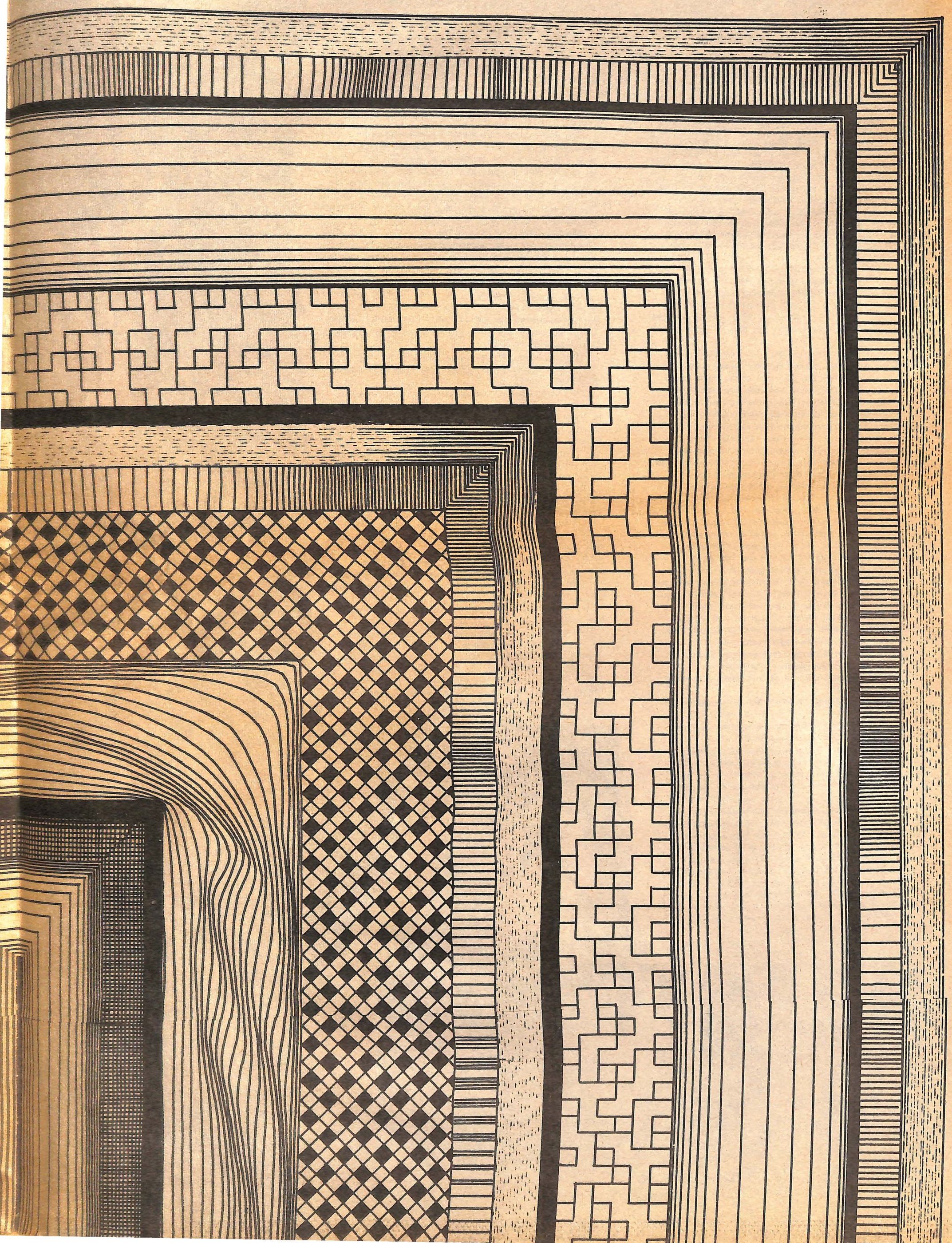

The Xanu

Nguyen Trung Thanh

Reprinted from a book given to Carl Dimow by Vietnamese friends at a conference in Budapest. Nguyen Trung Thanh is from South Vietnam.

The village is within range of enemy artillery from the neighboring post. They have acquired the habit of firing on it twice a day: either at dawn and dusk, or at noon and nightfall, or at midnight and cockcrow. Most of the shells usually fall on the xanu-covered hill beside the stream. Almost all the xanu, tens of thousands of them, bear their traces. Some have been cut in the middle, and have fallen as in a storm. From the cuts, sap has oozed in abundance, fragrant and sparkling at first under the summer sun, darkening and curdling later into blood-like clots.

Few species grow as vigorously as the xanu. For every tree that falls, four or five young ones spring up, their green, arrow-like tops shooting skyward. Few thirst so much for sunshine; the young plants grow very rapidly towards the sunshine, which pours down into the forest in big shafts glittering with myriads of yellow fragrant specks from the sap. When young, breast-high trees are cut down by the shells, the gashes cannot heal and the sap that exudes from them is thin and clear, they die within five or ten days. But full-grown ones, with thick foliage, cannot be killed by the shells, their wounds heal quickly as young bodies do. And so, through all these last two or three years, the xanu forest has provided a shield for the village.

Standing on that xanu-clad hill and looking towards the horizon, one could see, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but an endless succession of other xanu-covered hills.

*
* *

After three years in the Liberation armed forces, this was the first chance Thu had to return to his native village. He met little Heng at the stream and the boy offered to show him the way. The day Thu joined up, Heng was a mere tot not even reaching his waist, who used to follow grown-ups to the ray, carrying a tiny basket on his back. Now, it was an infantry rifle he was carrying. They followed the old path which wound through manioc and pomchu fields, climbed up two steep slopes where steps had been carved, and crossed a forest teeming with jungle leeches on rainy days before arriving at his small village. Thu would not have dared to venture alone without a guide, over this once so familiar track. It was now full of traps and pits: bent bamboos which, when released would sweep the path and break your legs, spike traps, spears hurled in pairs by powerful cross-bows, etc. Little Heng was rather taciturn like all the inhabitants of Xoman. He was wearing a cap which which some Liberation armyman had given him, a too long jacket and a G-string, and with his rifle slung across his back, he looked a real fighter. At times when they passed by some particularly well defended spot, he would wink at Thu and smile as if he wanted to ask him, "What do you think of that, brother?" His eyes would shine with pride, and Thu would smile back at him and nod sympathetically.

They stopped at a bamboo pipe emerging from a crevice from which water was gushing. Heng said:

"Wash your feet, but don't drink this water or you'll be criticized by Sister Zit."

Thu laughed and asked, "Is Sister Zit the village health official?"

"No, she is secretary of the Party Committee, and political commissar of the village militia, too."

Ah, so that was it. Thu took off his cap, unfastened a few buttons of his jacket and, bending over the brook, splashed water on his face and head. The water was quite cold. His blood circulated more quickly and he felt pulsations in his cheeks.

"So, Zit has become secretary of the village Party Committee," Thu thought to himself. He could not imagine what she looked like now. Zit was Mai's younger sister. Soon after Mai's death when Thu was about to leave the village to join the Liberation army, the little girl had stayed awake all night, sitting beside the fire as she had no shirt to put on. At dawn, she had pounded rice for Thu to take along with him. She pounded thirty canfuls of rice, put it in a sausage-like bag, and gave it to him. She did not weep nor say a word over her sister's death, while everybody, even Old Met, cried his eyes out.

Heng said: "You'd better hurry. Cold water will give you fever. Let's go. It will be dark soon."

before reaching the village, but he washed it again. Then he took off his shirt and let the cold water fall on his head, back and chest, as he had done in the old days, at this same place, standing on a flat stone with a worn-off corner, where Old Met used to sharpen his knife.

Met stood in silence, watching Thu's big back. It was covered with purple scars. Tears trickled down his cheeks, which he hastened to wipe. Thu didn't see them, but they bewildered the children...

From the house roofs rose dark violet threads of smoke.

*
* *

The meal comprised a vegetable soup without salt, and some fish; the fish was a special course in honour of the guest. Thu opened his food-box and gave Old Met a spoonful of salt. The old man said:

"I still have half a tinful of salt Zit gave me when she came back from the district Congress of Emulation Fighters. The salt she received as a reward at the Congress, she shared with us all. But this is reserved for the sick."

Old Met didn't put the salt Thu gave him into the soup. He shared it among all present, each receiving a few grains. They put the salt in their mouths grain after grain and let it melt, slowly enjoying its taste. The rice was mixed with pomchu tubers. Raising his bowl, Old Met explained:

"It's not that we are short of food. We have enough rice till the next harvest. But each household must build up a three-year reserve. You're with the revolution, your commander must have told you that we shall have a long fight against the Yanks."

Then he asked, off-handedly, "Your ten fingers, they still remain as they were, without tips? Can't those tips grow again, huh?"

He angrily put his bowl down:

"But everyone in the village knows that, don't they? A finger can pull a trigger even if only two-thirds of it is left. Did you pass by the xanu forest near the big stream? The trees are thriving. Nothing is stronger than our xanu. One fallen, others grow up. I defy those bastards to destroy the whole forest. Eat, son. We Stra people grow good rice, the best rice in this part of the country."

Soon after the meal was over three sounds of tocsin came from the direction of the communal house. The village people began streaming to Old Met's. Girls stamped out their torches before going into the house, but some old women entered the room with burning ones in their hands so that they could have a good look at Thu, and then threw them into the fire-place, making the flames leap fiercely. Old men asked in a resounding voice when they had only walked half way up the stairs, "Is Thu there? Have you given him a good meal, Old Met?"

An old woman said, "You men, make room for Zit. Sit here, daughter."

Thu looked up. Zit sat in front of him, her legs bent to one side, her skirt covering even her ankles. The young man shivered: it was Mai sitting before him. He couldn't believe his eyes, Zit was so much like her sister! Her nose, which used to have a round tip when she was a child, was now straight and thin, her eyes under dark eyebrows were wide open, clear and calm. She looked at Thu for a long time, while four or five kiddies scrambled for a place beside her.

Then she asked, her voice somewhat cold, "Have you got a paper?" Thu did not understand. "What paper?" he asked in reply.

"Your leave paper. You can't come home for a visit without a regular paper. The village Committee would put you under arrest if you did."

Thu burst out laughing. He had half a mind to say in jest that he hadn't got any paper, that he had been too homesick, and that he had simply left his unit to pay a short visit to his native village. But Zit's stern look and the waiting silence around him made him change his mind. He took a paper from his pocket and handed it to Zit. "All right," he said, "here's my paper, comrade political commissar."

The girl took Thu's paper and held it to the light from the fire. A dozen heads bent over. Children began spelling out the letters in it. Zit took a long time to read, starting all over again two or three times. Old Met asked, "Right? Has he got regular leave?"

Zit gave the paper back to Thu. Only then did she

Thu did not dry his hair. He took his cap and followed the young boy. At the edge of the forest a big tree had fallen across the path and they had to climb over. A long trench had been dug by the guerillas nearby. The day Thu left the village, the tree was still standing. He stopped: it was here that he had met Mai for the first time. Well, it was not exactly the first time: they were from the same village and had known each other since they were small infants carried about by their mothers on their backs. But it was here that he had met Mai for the first time after he had escaped from prison. She had grown up so much, and when she took his hands--they were then still intact-- and wept, her tears were no longer those of a child friend, but of a blushing loving girl. The memory of this meeting gave Thu a sharp pain. He opened his eyes wide, the way he had had done years ago, when undergoing ferocious torture by the enemy.

Little Heng did not know about that episode in Thu's life. He got on the tree and, turning, beckoned: "Hurry up, brother. Can't you even climb a little slope, after being away from the village so long?"

The sloping path was full of spiked pits. Thu walked in silence and the features on his face had hardened. From afar, he now heard the muffled sound of rice pestles, and he realized that what he had missed so much during those three years he had been away from the village was that sound of rice-pounding pestles worked by the diligent hands of the Stra women—his mother, Mai, Zit—which was so familiar to him since his childhood. He tried to keep calm but his heart was beating wildly and his feet kept stumbling over tree roots. He overtook Heng, then outstripped him. The boy protested: "Hey, there are plenty of traps around. It's not like what it used to be. Wait for me. Go behind."

They reached the village before sunset. Heng rested the butt of his rifle on the ground, and shouted, "Hey, we've got a guest!"

From each door emerged four or five heads, looking perplexed. Eyes opened wide, then joyful shouts were heard: "Heaven! Thu...Thu has come back... Are you really back, Thu?"

Some, not caring to use the stairs, jumped down from the bamboo terrace of their houses on stilts. Old women—God! Old mother Leng was still alive!— slowly groped their way down, gently cursing the young man:

"Did the Evil One get you, young devil? You wouldn't return before my death, would you?"

Heads were still sticking out of the openings of the houses-- giggling young girls, who were too timid to go down and welcome Thu. He was soon surrounded by a thick crowd. He recognized them all: Old Tang, with his usual fringe of beard, sporting a long pipe made with metal retrieved from a downed helicopter; Brother Pro, now looking quite a bit older; Sister Blom with white streaks in her hair; Old Mother Proi, who had lost all her teeth...A swarm of urchins, their faces smeared with soot from xanu fire. "Where's Old Met?" Thu asked.

A heavy hand tightly clasped his shoulder. He turned: Old Met was there, his glossy black beard reaching down to his chest, his slant eyes shining, and with the old scar on his cheek. His bare chest looked as strong as the trunk of an old xanu. He gave Thu a gentle push, eyed him up and down, then burst into an uproarious laughter:

"Ha-ha!... A Tommy gun... Liberation armyman...Right!"

Thu understood what the old man meant. He never said, "Good!" or "Wonderful!" When he was most pleased he would say, "Right!"

As soon as Old Met spoke, everybody fell silent. It was as if he was giving orders. A powerful, resounding voice. And yet, he was sixty.

"How long is your leave?" Old Met asked. "Just one night? Right. If your commander gives you one night's leave, stay over one night. If he gives two, stay over two. Orders are orders. Tonight, stay at my place."

Nobody protested. Met added:

"Now, everybody go home. The day is over, it's about time to prepare the evening meal. You kids, go and wash your faces clean of soot: you all look like actors on the stage. Those who don't do so, let their pals give them a good dressing down...You Thu, go and wash your feet. You remember where the fountain is, don't you? You do? Right. If you didn't, I'd chase you out into the jungle!"

However, after asking Thu to hand him his pack and gun, Old Met led him to the fountain near the entrance to the village. The children followed them in swarms. A few girls, whose faces Thu remembered quite well but whose names he couldn't yet call to mind, were filling long bamboo stems with water falling from a bamboo pipe. They stood aside making room for him. The young man had washed his face

night? Has he got regular leave?

Zit gave the paper back to Thu. Only then did she smile: "All right! Your commander's signature is there. You'll stay here only one night?" she asked. Then she added, "It's quite all right. It's enough for the village people to see how you look now. We have been talking so much about you."

The room was now resounding with talk and laughter. People voiced their remarks: "The commander's signature is on the paper."—"It's quite all right!"—"Only one night? Oh, such a short stay!"...Above the hubbub rose Old Met's rumbling voice, "Ha-ha...Right!"

Pushing some children gently aside, the old man sat down beside Thu, next to the fire. He knocked the bowl of his pipe on the "head of the household god", picked up a little bamboo stick and cleaned his pipe with it, then looked around at the people in the room. They seemed to be all waiting for him to begin speaking.

Outside, a night drizzle was falling and the wind blew softly. The old man's voice was very low-pitched.

"All the old folk know this story. Some of the young people do, others don't. The children certainly have heard nothing about it." The old man stopped and stared at the kids, who sat silently with their eyes wide open. He continued:

"Thu, your brother Thu, has just been back." He laid his muscular hand on the young man's shoulder. "I've talked to you quite often about him. He has joined the Liberation army, now he pops in to see us. He's got leave for one night. His leave paper bears the commander's signature: the Party Secretary has checked it. Here he is! He is one of our Stra people. His parents died when he was a child. He was brought up by our village people. His life was hard, but his heart was clean like the water of the stream. Tonight, I am going to tell you all his story, in honour of his visit to the village. Let everyone of you Stra people who love your mountains and your streams and who have ears to hear, listen to my story and try to remember it. When I die, let him tell it to our children and grandchildren..."

Everybody kept silent. One could hear only the far-off noise of the water from the bamboo pipe, mingled with the muffled sound of raindrops on the tree leaves. Thu also kept silent. He looked at Old Met. The light from the flickering fire was playing on the old man's muscular body and Thu thought of the heroes of the old legends he used to listen to in long night sessions when still a child. He looked at Zit. She had grown as tall as Mai when he had met her at the foot of the tree standing at the entrance to the forest. The tree had now fallen across the path and the guerillas had dug a maze of trenches around it. Zit was also listening with calm, wide open and thoughtful eyes.

"The old folk have not forgotten. The dead have forgotten, let the living remember. At that time, My-Diem soldiers were roaming about the jungle like wild boars. Their bayonets were stained with blood, and their caps blood-red. Thu was then only a little child barely reaching my navel. He was quick as a squirrel..."

Oh yes, the old folk had not forgotten, the young and Thu himself too. In his mind's eye he saw a child carrying a small basket left by his mother. In the basket were two canfuls of rice hidden under some vegetable. The child was weaving his way in the jungle, jumping nimbly from one rock to another, bringing food to a revolutionary cadre. A little girl, smaller even than himself, was running after him, her hand lifting a too long skirt that her mother had just made for her. Hopping from one rock to another like a bird, she shouted, "Wait for me, Thu. Wait!" Her friend turned and glared at her. "Can't you keep your mouth shut, Mai? It's a clandestine job we're doing and you are bellowing like a hart!" Mai wanted to laugh but fearing a rebuke, she kept silent...

Yes, things were still alive in his memory. Everything. Everyone. Thu, Mai, Old Met, the cadre...

As if all that had happened only yesterday.

The revolutionary cadre's name was Quyet. Ever since adverse troops had come to this part of the country, they had been scouring the woods day and night. One heard echoes of the barking of their hounds and their guns. There was only one thing the people of Xoman village were proud of: for five years, not a single cadre had been either caught or killed by the enemy in that part of the jungle. At first, the young people brought food to the cadre and kept watch for him. Then U.S.-Diem agents found out and struck at them. Young Xut was hanged on a fig-tree at the entrance to the village. "Such will be the fate of any who tries to bring food to the communists!", warned the men.

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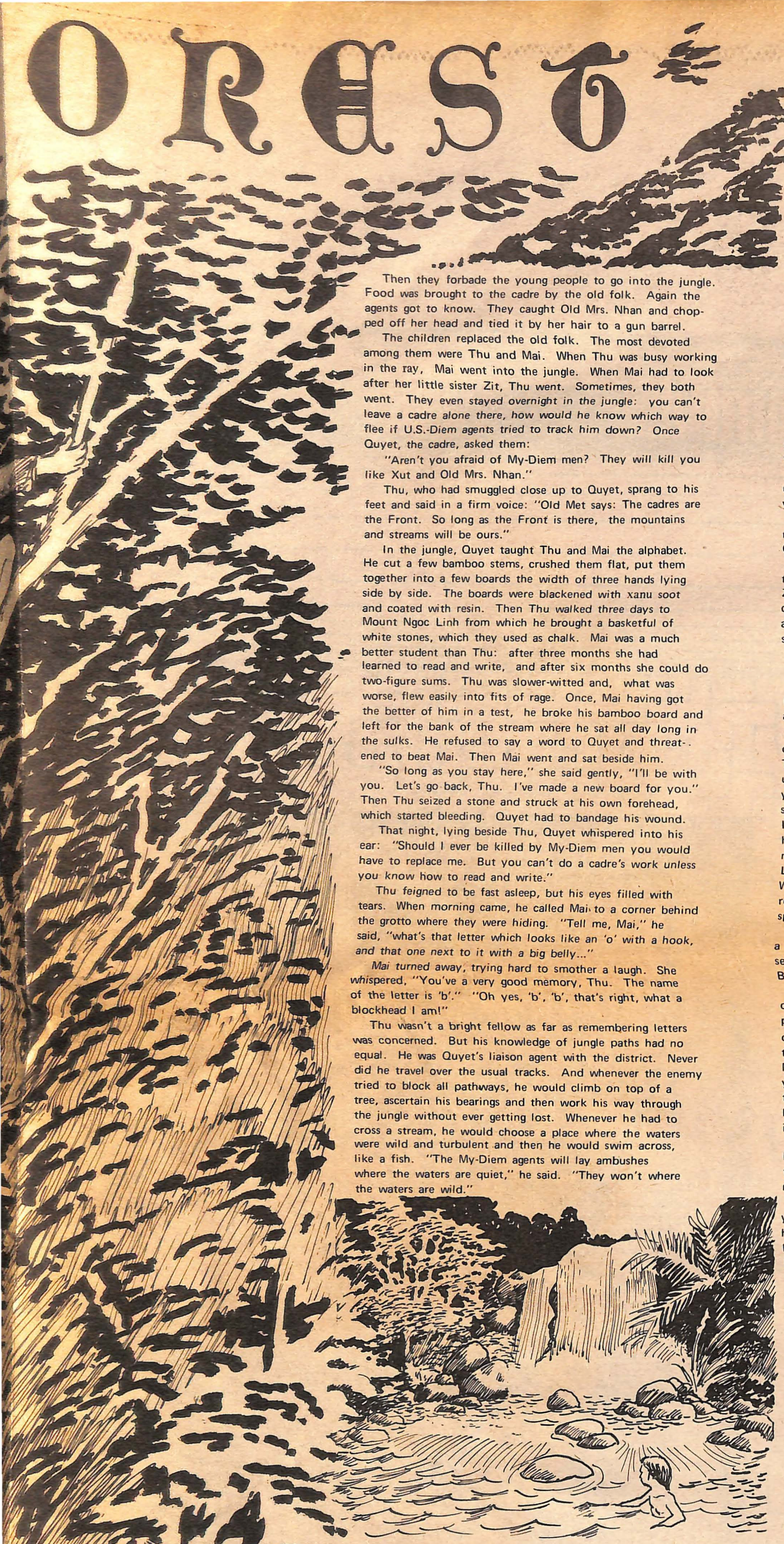


Then they forbade the young people to go into the jungle. Food was brought to the cadre by the old folk. Again the agents got to know. They caught Old Mrs. Nhan and chopped off her head and tied it by her hair to a gun barrel.

The children replaced the old folk. The most devoted among them were Thu and Mai. When Thu was busy working in the ray, Mai went into the jungle. When Mai had to look after her little sister Zit, Thu went. Sometimes, they both went. They even stayed overnight in the jungle: you can't leave a cadre alone there, how would he know which way to flee if U.S.-Diem agents tried to track him down? Once Quyet, the cadre, asked them:

"Aren't you afraid of My-Diem men? They will kill you like Xut and Old Mrs. Nhan."

Thu, who had smuggled close up to Quyet, sprang to his feet and said in a firm voice: "Old Met says: The cadres are the Front. So long as the Front is there, the mountains and streams will be ours."

In the jungle, Quyet taught Thu and Mai the alphabet. He cut a few bamboo stems, crushed them flat, put them together into a few boards the width of three hands lying side by side. The boards were blackened with xanu soot and coated with resin. Then Thu walked three days to Mount Ngoc Linh from which he brought a basketful of white stones, which they used as chalk. Mai was a much better student than Thu: after three months she had learned to read and write, and after six months she could do two-figure sums. Thu was slower-witted and, what was worse, flew easily into fits of rage. Once, Mai having got the better of him in a test, he broke his bamboo board and left for the bank of the stream where he sat all day long in the sulks. He refused to say a word to Quyet and threatened to beat Mai. Then Mai went and sat beside him.

"So long as you stay here," she said gently, "I'll be with you. Let's go back, Thu. I've made a new board for you." Then Thu seized a stone and struck at his own forehead, which started bleeding. Quyet had to bandage his wound.

That night, lying beside Thu, Quyet whispered into his ear: "Should I ever be killed by My-Diem men you would have to replace me. But you can't do a cadre's work unless you know how to read and write."

Thu feigned to be fast asleep, but his eyes filled with tears. When morning came, he called Mai to a corner behind the grotto where they were hiding. "Tell me, Mai," he said, "what's that letter which looks like an 'o' with a hook, and that one next to it with a big belly..."

Mai turned away, trying hard to smother a laugh. She whispered, "You've a very good memory, Thu. The name of the letter is 'b'." "Oh yes, 'b', 'b', that's right, what a blockhead I am!"

Thu wasn't a bright fellow as far as remembering letters was concerned. But his knowledge of jungle paths had no equal. He was Quyet's liaison agent with the district. Never did he travel over the usual tracks. And whenever the enemy tried to block all pathways, he would climb on top of a tree, ascertain his bearings and then work his way through the jungle without ever getting lost. Whenever he had to cross a stream, he would choose a place where the waters were wild and turbulent and then he would swim across, like a fish. "The My-Diem agents will lay ambushes where the waters are quiet," he said. "They won't where the waters are wild."

But once, as he was about to cross the Dac Nang river after wrapping Quyet's letter in a leaf and putting it in his mouth, guns were pointed at him. He had barely time to swallow the letter.

Three days later, the Xoman saw Thu come back with his hands tied, escorted by enemy soldiers.

"Tell us who among the villagers are communists, otherwise you'll die," threatened the soldiers. People were standing around. Old Met stood beside Thu. The old man told him in the Stra dialect, his voice rumbling: "Don't make the Xoman people ashamed of you!" Thu merely glanced back at him, and the old man said, "Right!"

Thu's back was crisscrossed with cuts from knives. "Show us the communists," the soldiers bawled at him. "Untie my hands," he said, "how could I show you anything with my hands tied?"

They loosened one of his hands. Thu put it on his belly. "Here's one," he said. Another gash cut his back, which was hardly the width of the basket left by his mother. Blood oozed from the gash, which by the afternoon had turned to a dark purple, the colour of xanu sap.

Before the soldiers took him away, Mai clasped him in her arms and burst into tears. Thu said, as if in anger:

Mai gently moved her baby, who had lolled to one side, into an upright position, then raised her head and stared at Zuc with her eyes wide open.

"Have you lost the use of your tongue, bitch!" Zuc bellowed. Then turning to the soldiers, he roared,

"What are you waiting for?"

A burly ruffian, holding an iron rod in his hands, stepped towards Mai. Sticking out his tongue, he ran it over his lips, then slowly raised his stick. Mai gave a sharp cry and hastily moved her child from her back to her breast, just before the iron rod lashed her back.

"Where is Thu?"

The second blow fell on her chest, but she had had time to move the baby away from it, onto her back. Again the soldier swung his stick and Mai again moved her child away from the blow. But the soldier quickened his tempo. No more cries came from Mai. Then the child gave out a shriek and silence fell: nothing was heard but the thudding sound of the blows.

Thu's hands fell away from the tree trunk. He sprang up but a hand caught his shoulder and he heard Old Met's voice, "No, not you, Thu! Let me..."

Thu pushed Old Met's hand away. Again the old man no longer recognized his face: his eyes were two embers. Old Met let go the young man's shoulder.

A terrible roar. Thu had rushed into the middle of the courtyard. The burly ruffian fell flat on his back and Zuc was flying into the communal house. The clicking of gun-bolts was heard. Then Mai holding her baby in her arms crawled into Thu's arms, and he clasped them in his strong embrace.

"Here I am, cannibals! Here's Thu!" he shouted.

But Thu could not save Mai and her child.

"No, Thu could not save Mai and their child," Old Met was saying in his rumbling voice. He awkwardly wiped a tear. Then he continued in a louder tone:

"Thu could save neither his wife nor his child. Mai died that very night. As for the child, it was already dead. The iron rod had struck its belly as its mother fell, unable to protect it. As for you, Thu, they caught you, you had but your bare hands, and tied you up. I was standing behind a tree. I saw them tie you up with liana. I did not rush to your rescue. I too had but my bare hands. I went into the jungle, in search of the other young men. They had gone to fetch their spears and knives. Listen carefully, my children. Listen carefully and remember. When I die, you who are living must repeat it to your children: if the enemy come with guns, we must fetch our spears!"

The soldiers tied Thu up with liana, threw him into a corner of the communal house, then left to gorge themselves on the meat from the pig they had seized from Brother Broi.

Darkness fell. Thu was surprised to find himself so calm. He thought: "The baby has died. So has Mai probably. I too am going to die. Who is to become a cadre? Who is going to lead the Xoman people when the orders come from the Party for the insurrection? Old Met is already well on in years. Never mind, there are still young people. Zit will grow up. She is even more resolute than her sister...The only thing I regret is that I won't live to see the day when the Xoman people will rise up in arms..."

Zuc did not kill Thu right away. He had a big fire lighted in the middle of the communal house, and had all the people assembled there. Then he untied Thu and addressed the villagers:

"I heard that you bastards had started sharpening your knives and spears. All right! Those who want to hold knives and spears, let them look at Thu's hands." He signalled to the strongest-looking of his soldiers. They had got everything ready. The soldier took some rags out of his cartridge bag. The rags had been soaked with xanu resin. He wrapped Thu's fingers in them and took a firebrand. But Zuc said, "I'll do it!" and seized the piece.

Not a cry came from Thu's lips. He glared at Zuc, who gave out a devilish laugh and held the flaming stick nearer to his face:

"Let's have a close look at this communist who wants to take up arms!" he said. "Listen, you rascals, you are not destined to take up arms! Give up that wild dream of yours!"

One of Thu's fingers set ablaze. Another soon followed, then another...Xanu resin is very inflammable. Thu's fingers were now but ten flaming little torches. Thu closed his eyes, then opened them again, staring before him. Heavens! The fire, it seemed, was not only devouring his fingers, but his lungs, his bowels as well. There was a bitter taste of blood in his mouth: he had bitten his lips hard. But he did not utter a single cry. A communist never begs for mercy, Quyet had said. He would never beg for mercy, Thu said to himself. The flames were biting hard at his very bowels. O Quyet, brother! Was he Thu, going to cry out? On no, never.

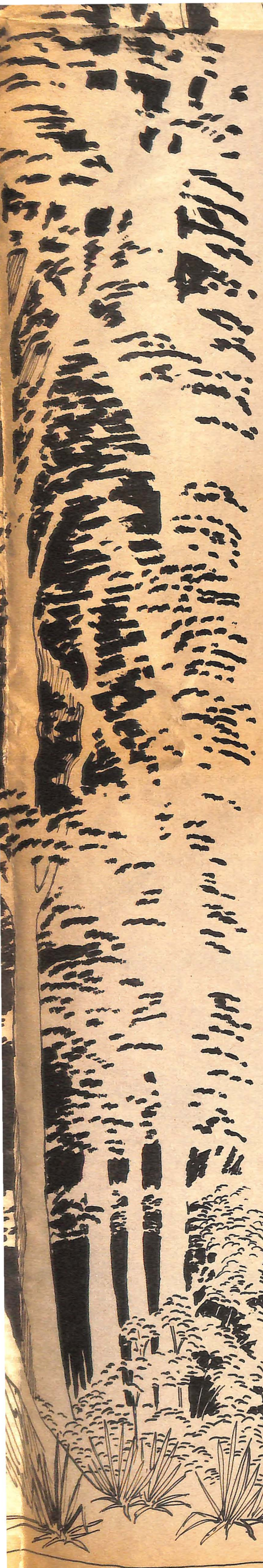
Zuc's devilish laugh was ringing. The old folk had sprung up to their feet, but the soldiers kept them at a distance. Then all of a sudden there were shouts and heavy foot-steps. What was happening?

Thu uttered a shrill cry, only one, but his cry was immediately re-echoed many times. "Kill them!" Voices started shouting and foot-steps shook the floor of the communal house. The soldiers shrieked. Then Old Met's booming voice rose: "Kill them all!" Here he was, Old Met, a long knife in his hands, and Zuc was lying at his feet. Around him stood the youth of the village, each with a knife in his hands, a knife whose glittering blade had been sharpened on the grinding stone Thu had brought back from Mount Ngoc Linh.

Then Thu heard the calm voice of Brother Broi:

"Thu, Thu, have you recovered your senses? Look, we've killed them all, all the ten of them, with our spears, with our knives! Look!"

The fire on Thu's fingers had been put out. But the



Blood oozed from the gash, which by the afternoon had turned to a dark purple, the colour of xanu sap.

Before the soldiers took him away, Mai clasped him in her arms and burst into tears. Thu said, as if in anger: "Don't cry! Don't! Study hard. When I die, you'll be a cadre in my place..."

Three years later, Thu came back to Xoman, having made a successful escape from Kontum jail. The wounds on his back had healed. He met Mai at the foot of the big tree at the edge of the forest, and she had grown so tall! She took him to the village where the people assembled at Old Met's just as they did tonight. Yes, just like tonight...

* * * * * * *

Old Met's voice rumbled on, like an echo from that night in the distant past:

"Just like this night. In the same house, around the same hearth. A drizzle was also falling. I was sitting here. Thu there, and Mai there, where Zit is now...Am I right, Thu?"

Yes, he was right. It was just like tonight: The drizzle tapping on the leaves of the fig-tree, the xanu sticks burning fiercely in the hearth, the distant noise of the water falling from the bamboo nozzle. The people had assembled at Old Met's then to congratulate Thu on his successful escape from jail. Mai was sitting just in front of him, like Zit tonight, and like her she had dark eyebrows, so dark they overshadowed somewhat her shining eyes. Perhaps her eyes were less serious and more affectionate than Zit's, but just as calm and determined. And of course, Old Met hadn't been speaking the way he did tonight. He had simply said:

"Mai, give me that paper Quyet left. Thu, you read it out."

Shortly after Thu's arrest, Quyet had gone to work in Bay district. He had soon been seriously wounded in an enemy ambush and had died in the jungle. Before breathing his last, he had written a message to the Xoman people. Thu held the paper to the light from the xanu fire and read aloud:

"Dear Thu, Mai, and Xoman people, I am going to die. You who are living must get your spears, arrows and crossbows ready. Hide them in the jungle so that the enemy can't discover them. The day will come when you'll have to use them. As for Thu, you must study hard, and replace me as a cadre..."

Yes, everybody had been there. Old Tang, Brother Pro, Sister Blom, Old Mrs Broi, Old Leng. One thing was different though: Mai had been there. After Thu had finished reading Quyet's message, the whole hamlet lit xanu torches and followed Old Met into the jungle to fetch carefully hidden weapons. Thu walked three days to Mount Ngoc Linh, but it was not to bring back chalk, as he had done three years before. He brought back a basketful of grinding stone for the steel to be used in one hundred insurrections.

Night after night, the people of Xoman sharpened their weapons. In the daytime, following Old Met's directions, they cleared patches of forest and grew cassava and pomchu, so much so that part of the jungle was turned into green fields.

Then the news came to the soldiers at Dac Ha post that the Xoman people had been sharpening spears and knives. In full harvest-season, a whole squad of them came, soon after the birth of Mai's and Thu's first son. Zuc, their commander, wearing a blood-red cap, bellowed:

"It's Thu again, and nobody else. If we don't kill that tiger, he will kick up heaps of trouble."

Old Met and Thu had taken all the youth of the village into the jungle, not far from the village though. They had hidden themselves among the rocks and trees from where they were able to follow closely the comings and goings of the U.S.-Diem troops.

The enemy stayed in the village for four days and four nights. Their whips spared nobody. Cries and moans filled the village. Zuc, brandishing his rifle, shouted:

"Anyone caught trying to leave the village will be shot dead on the spot."

Nobody was able to leave. Nimble little Zit alone succeeded in carrying some rice every day at dusk to Old Met, by creeping out into the jungle along the bamboo water pipes. At dawn of the fourth day she was caught on her return from the forest. The ruffians ordered the child to stand in the middle of the courtyard then fired their Tommy guns at her, bullet after bullet, purposely avoiding to hit her. The bullets whizzed past her ears, singed her hair, ripped up the earth beside her tiny feet. Zit burst out crying when the firing began, but after the tenth bullet or so, she wiped her tears and tightened her lips. She stood surrounded by the soldiers, her slender body twitching each time a gun crashed, but her eyes staring at her persecutors were as calm as those of the Party secretary now sitting in front of Thu.

Unable to draw the least information from the child, Zuc had Mai arrested. "If we lay our hands on the tigress and her cub, we'll soon get the tiger himself," he bellowed.

Thu heard those words. He was hiding behind a tree at the entrance to the village near the fountain. From there he could see quite clearly the courtyard before the communal house. His hands clutched tightly at the tree trunk as he saw the soldiers, ten of them, drag Mai onto the courtyard. She was carrying her baby on her back, her one-month-old child, who everybody said was the very image of its father. As he could not go to Kontum to buy some fabric, Thu had had to tear his sash into halves and give one to Mai to wrap their child in. Now the baby was fast asleep on its mother's back.

"Where is your husband, you dirty communist?" asked Zuc.

"Thu, Thu, have you recovered your senses? Look, we've killed them all, all the ten of them, with our spears, with our knives! Look!"

The fire on Thu's fingers had been put out. But the big fire of xanu in the middle of the room was still burning. The bodies of the soldiers were lying all around.

Old Met was standing in the middle of the room, resting the tips of his spear on the floor, and his voice again boomed:

"Now is the beginning. Let's light big fires. Let everyone, young, old, men, women, get a spear or a knife. Those who can't, let them sharpen bamboo spikes, five hundred spikes apiece! Light the fires!..."

Gongs resounded...

Standing on the xanu hill near the big stream, one could feel a great stirring in the Xoman part of the jungle. And everywhere, big fires had been lighted...

* * * * * * * *

It was already quite late in the night. But nobody seemed to be aware of it. The rain had grown heavier.

Old Met raised his head and looked around. His goatee quivered as he added:

"I've told you the whole story. The people of Xoman took up arms that night. Thu left soon after, when his fingers had healed. Each of his fingers had but two joints left, but he could still hold a spear and fire a rifle. We had heard that on the other side of Mount Ngoc Linh there was another Zuc, and that the people there had also risen up. So we sent Thu to look for the revolution and he has been away ever since...Why have you been so long, you young devil? The girls have all been longing for you. Now is your turn. What have you done all these three years? Have you done anything we should be ashamed of? What have you done? How many of My-Diem men have you killed?"

Thu stood up. He stepped towards the fire. What should he say? Love for his people filled his heart.

"Old Met, all of you folk!" he said at last. "I... yes, I met that Zuc..."

"Where?"

"In his post."

"Did you kill him?"

"I did."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No."

"Why?"

Thu unslung his rifle from his shoulder and rested it on the floor.

"Well," he said, "it happened like this. We attacked their post and killed all the troops."

"All of them?"

"All of them. Their commander had taken refuge in an underground shelter. We called on him to surrender but he refused. We dropped grenades, but there were recesses sheltering him from the splinters. Our commander asked, 'Who'll go down after him?' I said, 'I'll go.' So, I went down. It was pitchdark. I got hold of him. He fired. I snatched away his gun. He tried to overpower me, but I was the stronger of the two. I put my knee on his chest, and switched on my flashlight. 'Zuc,' I asked, 'do you remember me?' He shook his head. 'All right,' I said, 'look at my hands. They can still hold a rifle.' He started rolling his eyes in terror. I said, 'Look, I have a gun. I have a knife, too. But I won't shoot you and I won't stab you. Listen, Zuc, I'm going to strangle you with my maimed fingers."

Zit asked in a calm voice:

"You killed him all right?"

"Of course."

"But he was not Zuc!"

"Well...all of them are Zucs."

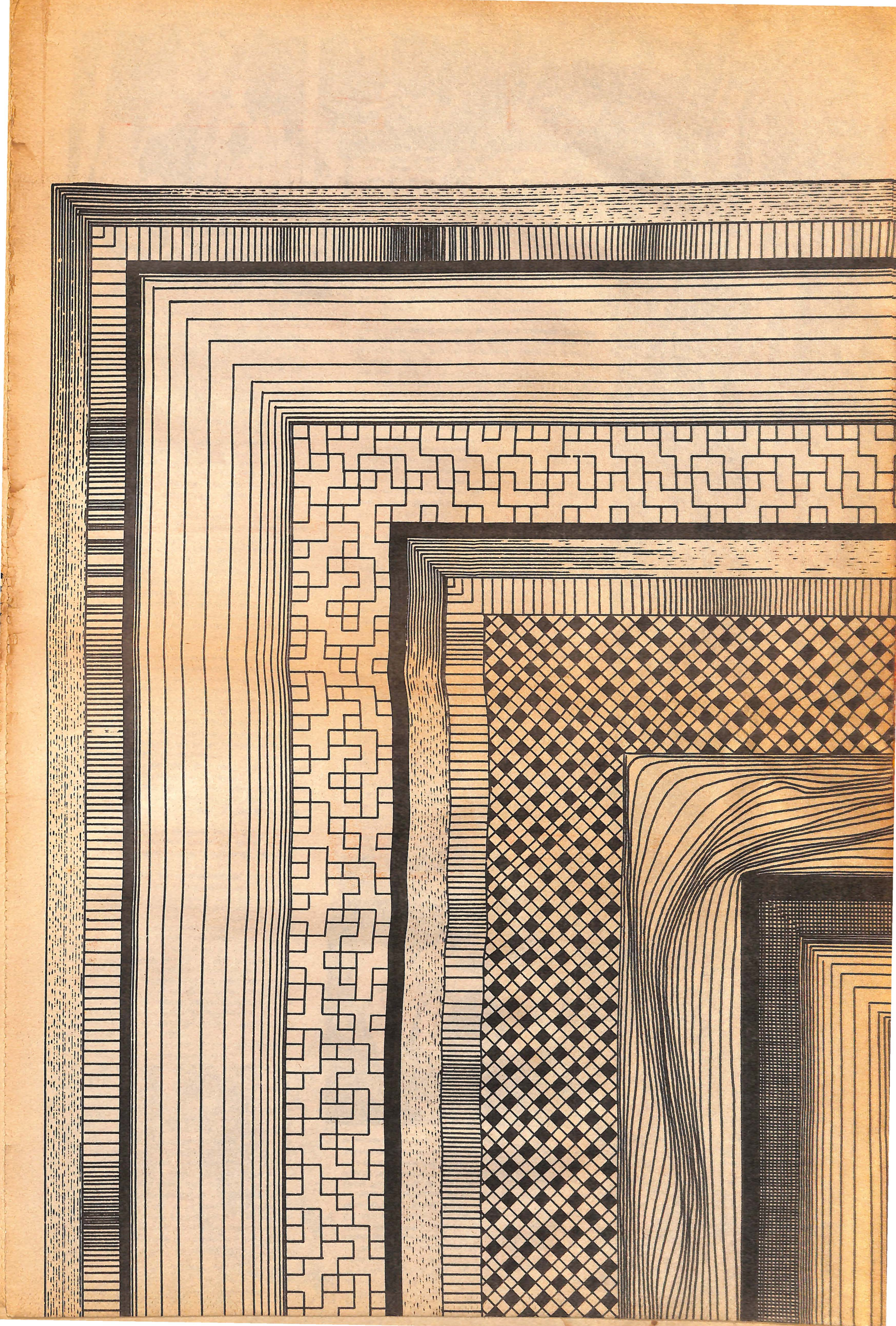
Old Met stood up. He laid his heavy hand on Thu's shoulder. "Right!" he said. "Right!" he laughed grimly. The sound echoed. Laughter filled the room.

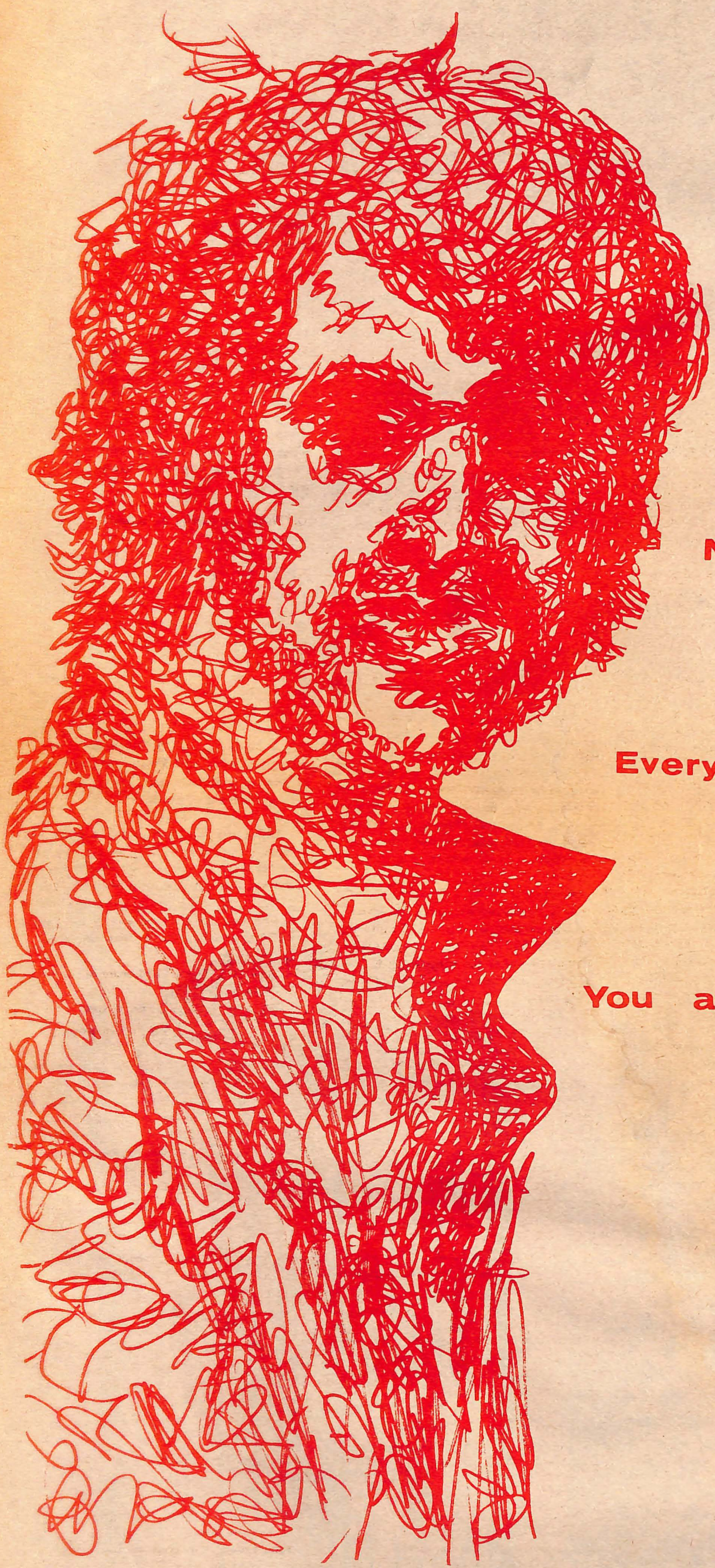
Cannon shells started falling on the xanu hill near the big stream. But nobody paid any attention. The people's voices drowned the muffled explosions.

* * * * * * * * *

Thu left in the morning. Old Met and Zit walked part of the way with him. They came to the xanu forest near the big stream. Last night's shelling had cut down several big trees. The sap which had oozed from their wounds glittered under the summer sun. All around, countless saplings were springing into life. Shoots were bursting from the ground, pointed as bayonet tips.

They stood there for a long moment, looking into the distance. Xanu forests followed each other to the horizon, as far as the eye could reach.





Nothing is real.

Everything is permitted.

You are the revolution.

'that god-damned fag'

Act II – The People Versus

The trial of the Conspiracy is a trial of one consciousness by another. On Thursday, December 11, Allen Ginsberg, poet and man of the planet, came to Julius Hoffman's courtroom to speak in behalf of Abbie Hoffman Jerry Rubin, and the Yippie Festival of Life that fell before police clubs in Lincoln Park and on Michigan Avenue last August.

The following is an abridged transcript of Allen's testimony.

THURSDAY: LEN WEINGLASS FOR THE DEFENSE

Q. Will you please state your full name?
A. Allen Ginsberg.
Q. What is your occupation?
A. Poet.
Q. Have you authored any books in the field of poetry?
A. Yes.
Q. Now, in addition to your writing, Mr. Ginsberg, are you presently engaged in any other activities?
A. I teach, lecture, and recite poetry at universities.
Q. Where have you studied?
A. In India and Japan.
Q. Could you indicate for the Court and the Jury what the area of your studies consisted of?
A. Mantra Yoga, Meditation exercises, chanting, and sitting quietly, stilling the mind and breathing exercises to calm the body and to calm the mind, but mainly a branch called Mantra Yoga, which is a Yoga which involves prayer and chanting.

(Allen describes in some detail the performance of various chants.)

A. ...All of these involve chanting and praying, praying out loud and in community.
Q. In the course of a Mantra chant, is there any particular position that the person doing that assumes?
A. Any position which will let the stomach relax and be easy, fall out, so that inspiration can be deep into the body, to relax the body completely and calm the mind, based as cross-legged.
Q. And is it, the chanting, to be done privately or *is it* in public?
MR. FORAN: Oh, your honor, I object..."
THE COURT (Judge Hoffman) I think I have a vague idea of the witness' profession. It is vague.
MR. FORAN: I might indicate also that he is an excellent speller.
THE COURT: I sustain the objection, but I notice that he has said first he was a poet, and I will give him credit for all of the other things, too, whatever they are.
THE WITNESS: Sir–
THE COURT: Yes, sir.
THE WITNESS: In India, the profession of poetry and the profession of chanting are linked together as one.
THE COURT: That's right. I give you credit for that.

(Allen says that he worked with Jerry Rubin on anti-war rallies in Berkeley during 1965, and was at the Human Be-In held in San Francisco in 1967.)

Q. Would you describe for the court and jury what the be-in in San Francisco was?
A. A large assembly of younger people who came together to...
MR. FORAN: Objection, your honor.
THE COURT: Just a minute. I am not sure how you spell the be-in.
MR. WEINGLASS: Be-in, I believe. Be-in.
THE WITNESS: Human be-in.
THE COURT: I really can't pass on the validity of the objection because I don't know understand the question.

MR. WEINGLASS: I asked him to explain what a be-in was. I thought the question was directed to that possible confusion. He was interrupted in the course of the examination.
MR. FORAN: I would love to know also, but I don't think it has *anything* to do with this lawsuit.
MR. WEINGLASS: Well, let's wait and find out.
MR. FORAN: This is San Francisco in 1967.
THE COURT: I will let him, over the objection of the government, tell what a be-in is.
THE WITNESS: A gathering together of younger people aware of the planetary fate that we are all sitting in the middle of, imbued with a new consciousness and desiring of a new kind of society involving prayer, music and spiritual life together rather than competition and war.
MR. WEINGLASS: Did you have the occasion – and was that the activity that was engaged in San Francisco at this be-in?
A. There was what was called a gathering of the tribes of all the different affinity groups, political groups, spiritual groups, Yoga groups, music groups and poetry groups that all felt the same crisis of identity and crisis of the planet and political crisis in America, who all came together in the largest assemblage of such younger people that had taken place since the war...
THE COURT: Now having had it explained to me, I will hear from you.
MR. FORAN: I object, your honor.
THE COURT: I sustain the objection...

(Len Weinglass asks Allen about a statement he made at a Yippie press conference held in March of 1968.)

A. My statement was that the planet Earth, at the present moment, was endangered by violence, overpopulation, pollution, ecological destruction brought about by our own greed; that the younger children in America and other countries of the world might not survive the next thirty years, that it was a planetary crisis that had not been recognized by any government of the world and had not been recognized by our own government, nor the politicians who were preparing for the elections; that the younger people of America were aware of that and that precisely was what was called psychedelic consciousness; that we were going to gather together as we had before in the San Francisco Human Be-in to manifest our presence.

The desire for preservation of the planet and the inhabitants and their children are threatened, Vishnu will preserve a return.
MR. FORAN: I object to that.
THE COURT: Oh, yes, I sustain the objection, and I strike the answer of the witness. I direct the jury to disregard it.

When you offer anything in a foreign language, sir, and think it is material, you must have an interpreter here so that the witness can be–
THE WITNESS: Sir, it is a legal record here.
THE COURT: Did you hear what I said earlier to you?
MR. WEINGLASS: If the court please, I do have an interpreter. The interpreter happens to be the witness.
THE COURT: Oh, no, that would hardly be fair. An interpreter must be responsible to the Court, and he must take a special oath. I don't know whether you know that or not, but we have a special oath here for interpreters.
MR. WEINGLASS: It is my understanding that an interpreter is only used when the witness is not proficient in the English language and requires the aid of an interpreter.
THE COURT: He used another language here.
MR. WIENGLASS: And he has the capacity to explain it to the jury. Therefore, an interpreter is not necessary.

THE COURT: It is impossible to cross-examine a man when he is using Sanskrit which is a language –
THE WITNESS: I am speaking English, sir.
THE COURT: – which is not used.

Now I have tried to be as kind as I could to you.
WITNESS: I am trying to be kind to you.
THE COURT: I don't want you to interrupt me when I am speaking.

(The jury is released for the day.)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12

(After describing Jerry and Abbie's attempts to discourage defending Lincoln Park, *Allen is asked what he did when the police arrived at the park the night before the convention.)*

Q. Without relating what you said to another person, Mr. Ginsberg, what did you do at the time you saw the police do this?
A. I started the chant, O-o-m-m-m-m-m-m-, O-o-m-m-m-m-m-m.
MR. FORAN: All right, we have had a demonstration.
THE COURT: All right.
MR. FORAN: From here on, I object.
THE COURT: You haven't said that you objected.
MR. FORAN: I do after the second one.
THE COURT: After two of them? I sustain the objection.
MR. WEINGLASS: If the court please, there has been much testimony by the Government's witnesses as to this Om technique which was used in the park. Are we only going to hear whether there were stones or people throwing things, or shouting things, or using obscenities? Why do we draw the line here? Why can't we also hear what is being said in the area of calming the crowd?
MR. FORAN: I have no objection to the two Om's that we have had. However, I just didn't want it to go on all morning.
THE COURT: The two, however you characterize what the witness did, may remain of record, and he may not continue in the same vein.
Q. Did you finish your answer?
A. I am afraid I will be in contempt if I continue to Om. We walked out of the park. We continued chanting the Om for at least twenty minutes, slowly gathering other people, chan[illegible] Sanders and I in the center, until [illegible] a group maybe of 15 or 20 mak[illegible] heavy vibrational change of [illegible] the immediate area around [illegible] other people, and so [illegible] toward the street, toward the [illegible] Park Hotel.
Q. Wh[illegible] time you [illegible]
A. A great de[illegible] and agitated motion in many differe[illegible]ions without any center and without any [illegible]

When we be[illegible] as it included more and more peop[illegible] there was one central rhythmic behavior vo[illegible] by all the peo[illegible] who participated and a [illegible] synchronizing of the physical behavior o[illegible] people that were slowly moving out [illegible] the park. The[illegible] all moved in one directio[illegible] those who were involved in the chanting, o[illegible] the park and away from the police ca[illegible] and running and without physically [illegible] behavior.

(Thomas Foran conducts the Cross-Examination. He spends ten minutes establishing Allen's connection to the Yippies as chief "religious experimenter." He concentrates on bringing out Allen's homosexual experience, through his poems and with veiled remarks about Allen kissing Abbie, and then has Allen recite the following poem:

THE NIGHT-APPLE
Last night I dreamed
of one I loved
for seven long years
but I saw no face
only the familiar
presence of the body;
sweat skin eyes
feces urine sperm
saliva all one
odor and mortal taste.

(The following dialogue then transpires:)

Q. Could you explain to the jury what the religious significance of that poem is?
A. If you would take a wet dream as a religious experience, I could. It is a description of a wet dream, sir.

(Allen recites "Love Poem on Theme by Whitman," which is about the voice of the poem sharing a bride and groom's wedding night.)

Q. Would you explain the religious significance of that poem?
A. As part of our nature, as part of our human nature, we have many loves, many of which are suppressed, many of which are denied, many of which we deny to ourselves. He (Whitman) said that the reclaiming of those loves and the becoming aware of those loves was the only way that this nation could save itself and become a democratic and spiritual republic...

Walt Whitman is one of my spiritual teachers and I am following him in the poem, taking off from a line of his own and projecting my own actual unconscious feelings of which I don't have shame, sir, which I feel are basically charming actually.

(Allen is asked by Weinglass to recite Howl. He does so with all the emotion of an old testament prophet threatening sinners and standing with the oppressed. The jury is transfixed by the words, the energy, the waving arms and bobbing head of the wonderful madman before them. When he recites the lines:

Moloch! Moloch. Nightmare of Moloch.
Moloch the loveless.
Moloch the heavy judger of man.

He points an accusing finger at Hoffman.

The judge thinks [illegible] the eternal judgment...
The scene is one of old testament fervor.
The judge manages to assume his composure, but not before everyone of the stilled courtroom hears the lines:

Moloch the cross-bo[illegible] soulless jailhouse
And congress of sor[illegible]
Moloch whose bu[illegible] judgment.
Mo[illegible] war.
M[illegible]ernment.

Allen continues, [illegible] higher with each incantation. He reels off 1000 words and suddenly drops off.

("That [illegible]ly," he concludes.)

MR. W[illegible] have nothing further.
[illegible] COURT: Within the limits of that [illegible] I will permit further examination.
[illegible]AN: No thanks.
THE COURT: Nothing. You may go, sir.
THE WITNESS: Thank you.

Abb[illegible]man cries and joins the de[illegible] half the court when they rise [illegible] Ginsberg leaves.

Lee Weiner leaves the courtroom to thank Allen for appearing.

John Froines tells everyone how he has been "profoundly moved."

And Thomas Foran whispers to his assistant as Allen heads for the elevator, bowing and chanting his way through a crowded hallway.

Foran is overheard as he mutters, "That god-damned fag."

LNS

rock review

by Mitch Kapor

Though the lapse has been long since the last appearance of *Rock Review*, pickings have been mighty slim. Of more than passing interest:

Quicksilver Messenger Service/*Shady Grove* -- With the permanent addition of Nicky Hopkins, peripatetic studio musician, Quicksilver has found a comfortable groove and a shady grove to settle in. Hopkins, who's done session work for the Airplane, Stones, and Beatles shines on *Mad Edward the Shirt Grinder*, his own composition.

B. B. King -- *The Thrill is Gone* -- It's getting to be an almost unutterable cliche to say that B. B.'s getting the reconition that he's deserved for 25 years. And his albums keep getting better and better. As much as Clapton, Bloomfield, et al., have been influences by him, he in turn has added some BS&Tish subtleties to this new album. May the circle be unbroken.

The Dead Shall be Raised, Pt. 1 -- The Grateful Dead were to have appeared at the Yale Prom (along with Steve Miller). Rumor has it Jerry Garcia was going to smoke up with Kingman Brewster. But contractual hassles ensued, so prom-goers will have to settle for James Cotton and Mountain. Meanwhile, Dead followers can see them live at the Fillmore Feb. 13 and 14.

Raised Dead, Pt. 2 -- Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks did authentic 1950's raunch-rock. The Hawks joined Bob Dylan for a while and later changed their name to the Band. What ever happened to Ronnie Hawkins? In yet another Rolling Stone-Atlantic Records coup he's been discovered live and well in Canada. His new album is totally devoid of pretension. Don't be hyped by bubble gum companies and Columbian neo-greasers. This album is the real thing. Check out *Who Do You Love* and *Down in the Alley*.

Most English albums are available for the very reasonable price of $3.98 each (plus 25¢ per shipment for handling) from British Imports c/o Records Unlimited, 4522 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys, Cal. 94522. Their catalogue is free. Be prepared to wait though. Unless you send a certified check or money order delivery time is 2-3 weeks.

A second Bob Dylan underground album has been released. It bears the appropriate name of *Stealin'*. Far adn away the best tracks are with the Band, These include *Can I Crawl Out Your Window, If You Gotta Go, Go Now*, and *It.s all Over Now, Baby Blue*. The sound quality is much better than *Great White Wonder*. The early acoustic material may be of interest to collectors. I sometimes wonder if it's worth the $5.50 being asked for it. To me, that's outright stealing.

Esoterica: Environments I is probably the first multi-speed record produced. Engineers and physicicsts have long known about the beneficial effects of white noise on the nervous system. White noise is dense sound -- all frequencies mixed together. Side I, the Ultimate Seashore, comes close to a white noise ideal. We use it for sleeping, meditating, introspection etc. It can be played at 16, 33, or 45 rpm. The effects vary with the speed. Side 2, the Optimun Aviary, is good for any physical activity such as chopping wood or balling.

Random Notes: American Avatar is the remnants of the Jim Kweskin Jug Band with the addition of a dose of soul. Don't pay any attention to the incredibly pretentious liner notes. Coming soon: New Albums by Blood, Sweat, and Tears, Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Taylor and Reeves, and Lennon, McCartney, Harrison, Starr, Ono, and Martin.

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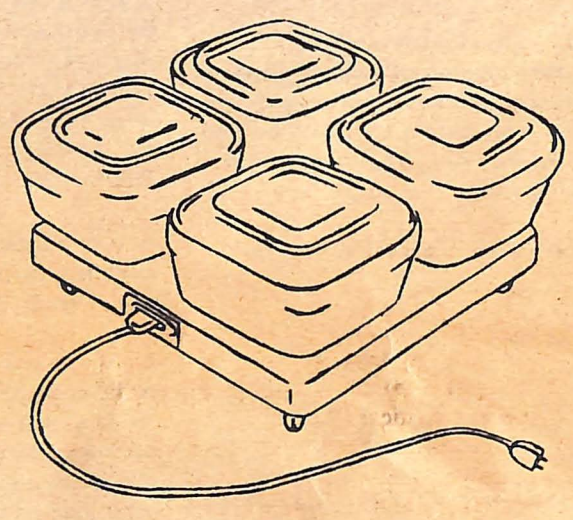
Grow Your Own At Home

YOGURT



If you're tired of plastic supermarket chow and you'd like to grow at least part of your food . . . but you live in a fifth floor walk-up or on board a pirate radio ship . . . keep the faith, baby. This series is for you—and anyone else interested in the world's best tasting, most natural, least processed, least poisoned, most nutritious . . . and least expensive foods. For, surprisingly, some of the very finest (from every standpoint) eating is not only easily grown right in the house—but is positively better when so produced.

One such food is yogurt. Yogurt? Yes, yogurt . . . and I know all about the stuff they sell under that name down at the local market. I don't like it either. All I can tell you is that pure, natural home-made yogurt—just like home-baked bread—is a quantum jump ahead of the artificially sweetened, flavored, preserved and processed variety.

Trust me—even if your first batch falls flat on its face. Mine did too . . . but the second was better and the fourth or fifth was *superb!* Relax, experiment a little and you'll soon be producing perfect runs of one of mankind's oldest and most beneficial foods.

And, if you're wondering what you'll do with all that yogurt, Catharyn Elwood has pretty well summed it up in her book, *FEEL LIKE A MILLION!* (Pocket Books, 75¢), "Yogurt has a delightful smooth-as-velvet consistency when properly made. It can be eaten any time of day as a between-meal or before-bedtime snack, because it is not too filling. It leaves the mouth with a fresh "clean" taste. Yogurt may be eaten by itself, as a dessert combined with fruits such as berries, pineapple, peaches, grapes, apricots, honeydew melons or any sprightly-tasting fruit. It is an excellent vegetable-salad dressing when combined with parsley, tomato sauce, and grated horseradish or spiked with chopped chives and Roquefort cheese. You'll use yogurt at every meal, including breakfast, once you acquire a taste for it."

If you need more ideas, DaisyFresh (see the classified section of this issue) has compiled a booklet of something like 373 ways to use yogurt. Just remember; it tastes good, it's packed with B vitamins, protein and calcium, it aids digestion and very learned doctors believe it can—if eaten regularly—materially lengthen your life. Besides that, it's dirt cheap when you make it yourself: Twenty to thirty cents a quart.

Once you really get into making your own, you'll want a "Culturizer" or yogurt maker. This is a constant-temperature, electrically-heated base and a set of poly or glass (which I prefer) containers with tight fitting lids. Culturizers make four individual pints or quarts of yogurt at a time, take out all the hassle, are foolproof, cost from $10.00 to $15.00 and can save you $50.00-$100.00 or more a year for years.

You can start on a smaller scale with covered Pyrex containers or plastic freezer cartons and a heating pad, hot air furnace outlet, steam radiator or other steady low-heat source.

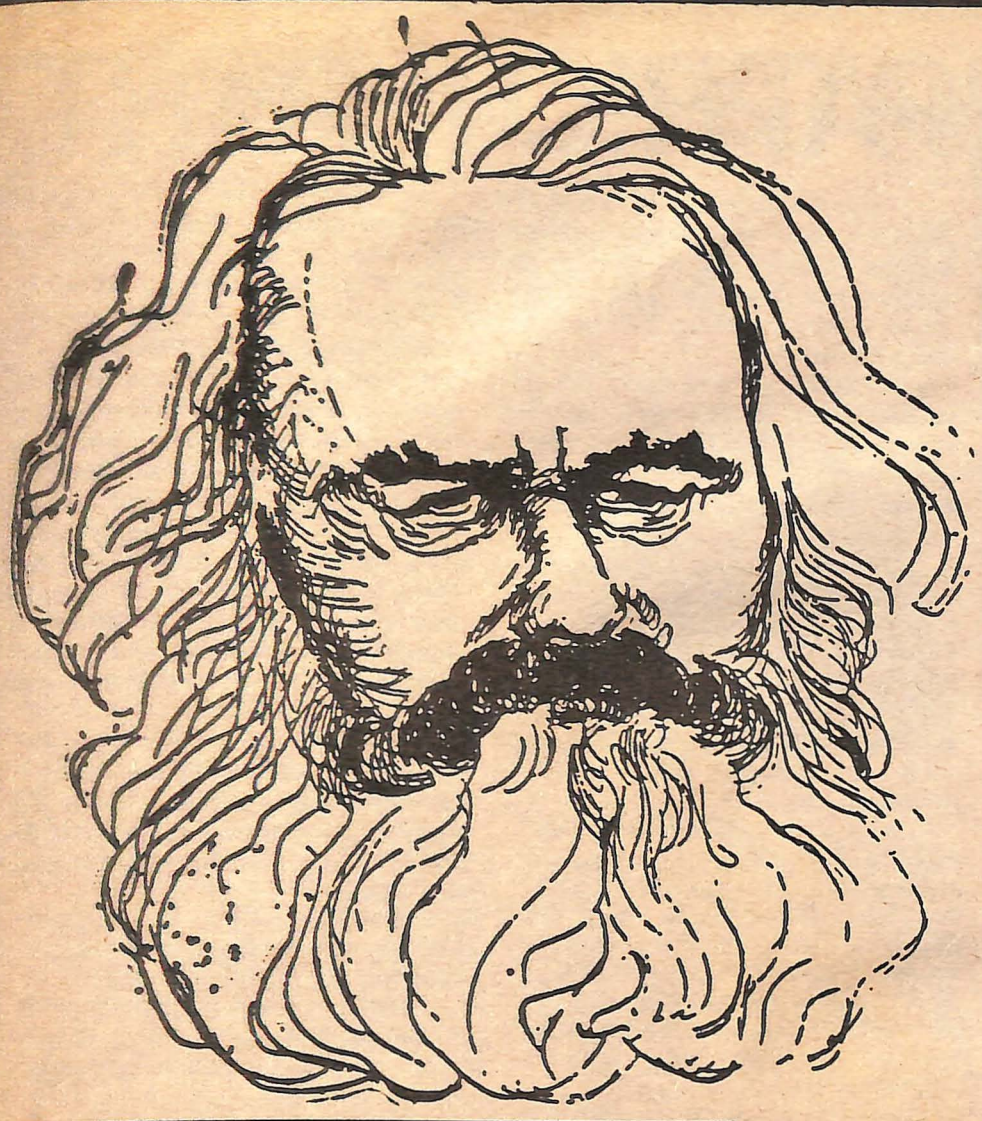
Just like people who bake their own bread, real yogurt heads have a lot of recipes for the final product. Here's a few . . . just remember that needlessly disturbing the yogurt during incubation may cause the tender, custardlike curd to break up and "weep" or "whey-off".

GAYELORD HAUSER'S YOGURT

Add ½ cup of powered skim milk to one quart of fresh milk and mix with an electric mixer or by shaking in a Mason jar. Heat milk very hot *but not boiling*. Test by putting a drop on your wrist: It should feel hot but not burn. Stir in 3 tablespoons of the best tasting, unflavored ready-made yogurt you can find. Pour the mixture into a double boiler or into a pan set into a larger pan of water and place near a radiator or on the pilot light of a gas stove. Cover with a folded towel just like you cover raising dough when making bread. You'll have more than a quart of fortified yogurt in about 5 hours. Keep in refrigerator. Hauser recommends eating a pint of yogurt a day.

BEATRICE TRUM HUNTER'S YOGURT

Any raw, pasteurized or homogenized cow, goat, soybean or other milk may be used. Reconstituted skim milk is also good. Keep all materials and utensils scrupulously clean. Pour a quart of fresh milk into a pot and bring to a near boil. Cool to lukewarm (105 to 115 degrees F. on a cooking thermometer or warm, but not hot, on the wrist). Mix the contents of a packet or bottle of Bulgarian yogurt culture into the milk with a wooden spoon. Pour the mixture into pre-warmed cups of a yogurt maker and leave undisturbed for about 2 hours. At the end of this time , remove the cover from a container and gently tilt the



glass. The yogurt should be about the consistency of heavy cream. If it's still liquid, let it incubate longer and check again. When the yogurt thickens, remove and refrigerate. It will continue to thicken as it cools.

For subsequent batches, set aside a small portion of yogurt from the first batch. Within 3 to 5 days, "grow" another batch of yogurt following the above directions and using one quart of milk and t tablespoons of the "starter". Renew culture after one month.

NOTE: The original culture may take as long as five hours to "set" . . . so don't get discouraged.

GOOD TIMES YOGURT

You will need:

A water thermometer (can be obtained from pet store that handles aquarium supplies)

A *clean* ½ gallon container with tight-fitting lid. (Glass is best but plastic is OK)

½ gallon reconstituted powered milk with 1½ to 2 times as much powder as is normally used.

3 tablespoons of commercial plain yogurt for starter. Yami works well. Old Country Bulgarian (from health food stores) is *expensive* and doesn't always work . . . but, when it *does* work, is fantastic.

Finding a fairly constant source of low heat is the hardest part of making yogurt. A gas stove pilot light is usually best but a stove burner at lowest heat can sometimes be used . . . or a heating pad. Place the thermometer in a pot of water that is big enough to hold the yogurt jar. Experiment for several days until you find a combination (moving the pot closer to or farther from the heat source, turning the pilot flame up and down, covering and uncovering the pot with a towel) that maintains a nearly constant 94 degrees F. . . overnight, if possible.

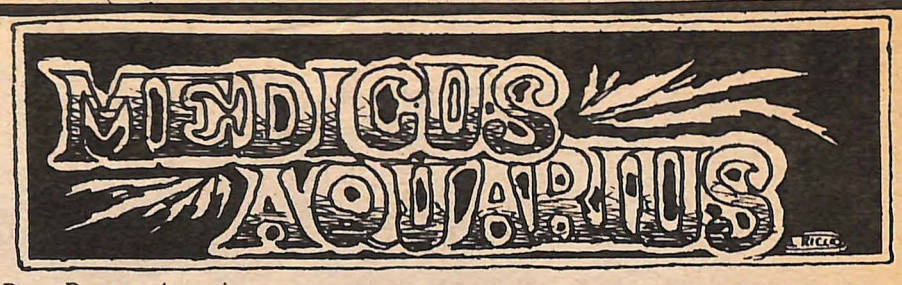
The rest is easy: Mix the yogurt with the milk, cover, place in the pot, fill to the brim of the jar with water and leave for 8 to 10 hours. Then taste. If the yogurt is watery and still tastes more like milk than yogurt, let it set for a few more hours. If the culture is sour, try a lower temperature or a shorter time with the next batch. Refrigerate.

Be sure to reserve a few tablespoonfuls in a separate jar (to keep it clean) for starter of the next run. When the culture begins to deteriorate, get some more commercial starter.

SPECIAL FLASH: As I finished this piece, I received in the mail the $6.00 packet from DaisyFresh. There's no time now to really review the DaisyFresh material, but Joe Reimuller of that company is really *into yogurt. If you use yogurt at all, you've got to get the DaisyFresh info. Joe's method of keeping a culture fresh for a year will more than repay your investment and, if you follow his instructions, there's just* no way *for you to make bad yogurt.*

And, as long as we're dropping names and giving our free plugs, here's another: Chocolate and cocoa are very bad for you. Carob, which tastes even better than chocolate, is very, very good for you. For an absolutely delicious variation on the basic yogurt recipes, try stirring 3 to 6 tablespoons of honey into each quart of milk before you scald it. Then, when you add the culture, stir three to six tablespoons of carob flour into the milk. The resulting yogurt will be rich and chocolately and fantastic. If you have trouble obtaining carob, drop a line to Carob Products.

Mother Earth News



Dear Doctor Aquarius,

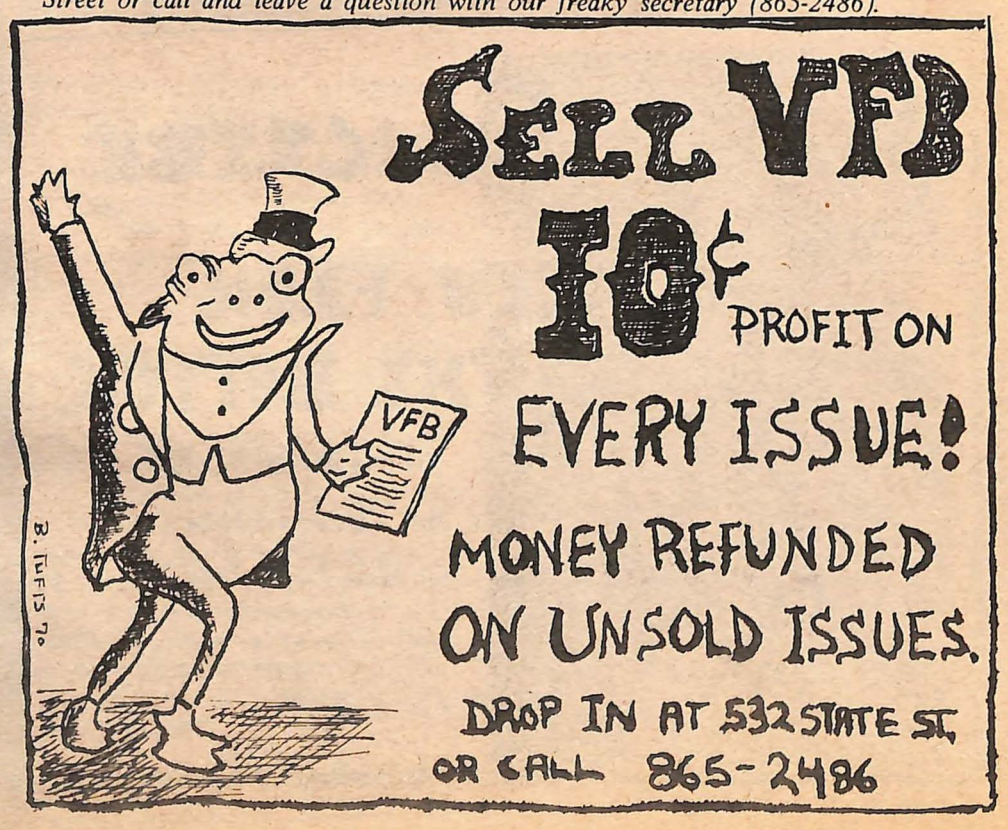
Is there something wrong with me? I'm a girl that really really loves sex. People call me a slut and many other things which aren't as nice but I still dig sex. What should I do about it?

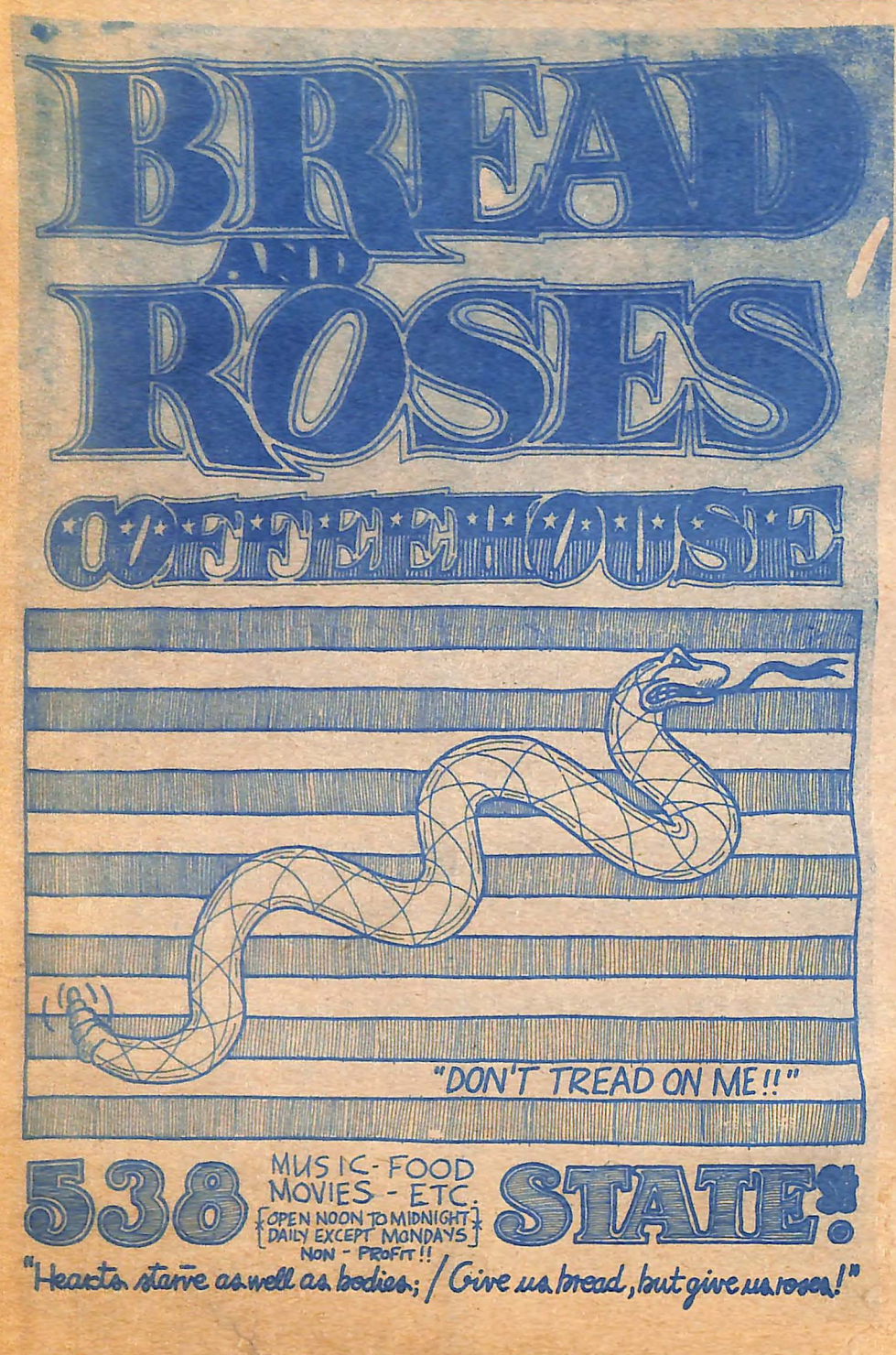
As I've been reading and rereading your letter, with its blue stationary and carefully formed, precise lettering, I've been trying to imagine what you're like -- and where you're at. The picture that comes to mind is a bright attractive girl, well dressed, probably about a junior in high school, who has lots of boy friends. I get the feeling that the relationships you have with boys involve lots of sex -- but not too much intimacy or closeness. And at sixteen or seventeen I wouldn't expect you to have a really mature committed relationship with one guy. This is the time for trying out all kinds of friendships. My experience with girls who "really really love sex" (and are also worried about the repercussions) is that they're really looking for something more than just an orgasm. They're usually looking for closeness, for someone who will really care for them, maybe someone who will offer them the love they haven't felt before. And they're usually afraid of this closeness too. Many times I've seen it happen that when a guy comes along who cares about them for more than just sex, they shy away from him, or frighten him off. While sex can be a way of getting close, it can also be a way of keeping your distance, by avoiding all the other things that go into an important relationship -- the meaningful talks in which you really find out what he's all about, the good times spent doing things together. Without this involvement and caring, sex eventually becomes mechanical, and worst of all, boring. So there's nothing wrong with digging sex, but it's best when it's part of loving. Otherwise you're missing something that's very powerful and very freaky and very beautiful.

My boyfriend and I have been living together for a year. A week ago I made it with another guy and he called me up and told me that he has VD. I haven't noticed anything wrong with my body. Should I do anything about it? I'm really afraid to tell my boyfriend because he might get uptight and split.

The odds are pretty good that you've got it. While you might expect to have some vaginal discharge (pus) or pain when you urinate, quite often a girl can carry VD without having any symptoms at all. And if you're carrying it and have been sleeping with your old man, most likely he's got it too. He may even be afraid to tell you about it. It's very important that both of you be examined and treated. The price of avoiding that can be a chronic infection and even sterility. If you're treated and he's not, he can pass it back to you and keep the whole thing going back and forth. And that's a bummer. If you're afraid to discuss it with your man, you can have your doctor call the Public Health Service. They have special men trained to deal with this kind of problem. They could contact your boyfriend and even get him treated without his ever knowing what's going on. ("We're concerned about a possible epidemic of meningitis in your neighborhood and we'd like to see you get a shot of penicillin to protect you.") They're expert at being discreet and it doesn't go on any record that could come back to embarrasss either of you. They want to control VD by treating everyone who's been exposed. VD has reached epidemic proportions in some cities in this country. These guys are strictly professional.

Doctor Aquarius is a New Haven psychiatrist. He welcomes your questions and comments on personal or medical problems. Write to VFB, 532 State Street or call and leave a question with our freaky secretary (865-2486).





PATRIOT PARTY

Life is a Party. Life is supposed to be whatever you want to make it. But alot of pigs don't dig that. They oppress, beat down, and even go so far as to kill, to defend their badge and uniform.

The Patriot Party newly formed in New Haven has emerged under leadership of people who come from poor, low income, white Southern families. A party dedicated to the needs of the people!

They have already started work in New Haven by setting up a free breakfast for children program, a medical clinic, and are trying to deal with the housing problem.

They are here to help people in need, and to help bring about a much needed, and for some, a long awaited change in this country.

At a meeting held here in New Haven on the 16th of January by the Patriots along with members of the Black Panthers and Young Lords Organization made their presence known. The urgent need for people to get together and build constructively in the community was discussed. The fact that people everywhere want to be free and unoppressed was emphasized, especially in ghettos and urban areas. These three parties have joined together, as the Rainbow Coalition, a coalition formed to show that all people, no matter what color, or up-bringing, can work effectively for the betterment of all.

It didn't take long for the pigs to act. On January 21st, Tom Dostou, Field Marshall of the Patriot Party was kidnapped. He was walking home with his wife and kids when pigs stopped him, searched him, and after finding nothing, busted on grounds of non-support! Even after his wife had denied this charge at the pig station he was still held against his will until they drummed up a new charge!

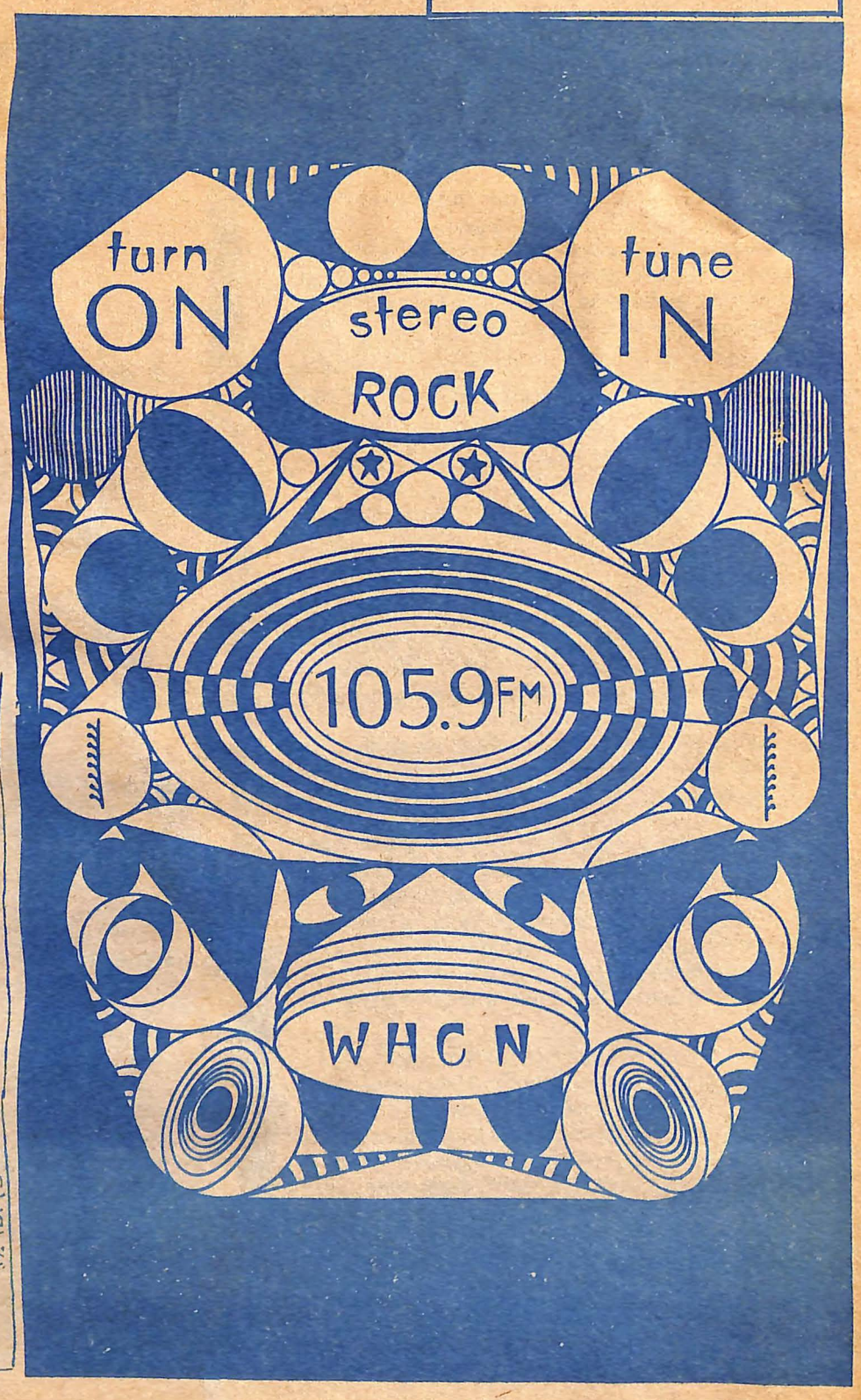
The reason is obvious why he was busted. He and his brothers and sisters had raised their fists against the pigs. They were helping fulfill the needs of the people instead of pushing them down!

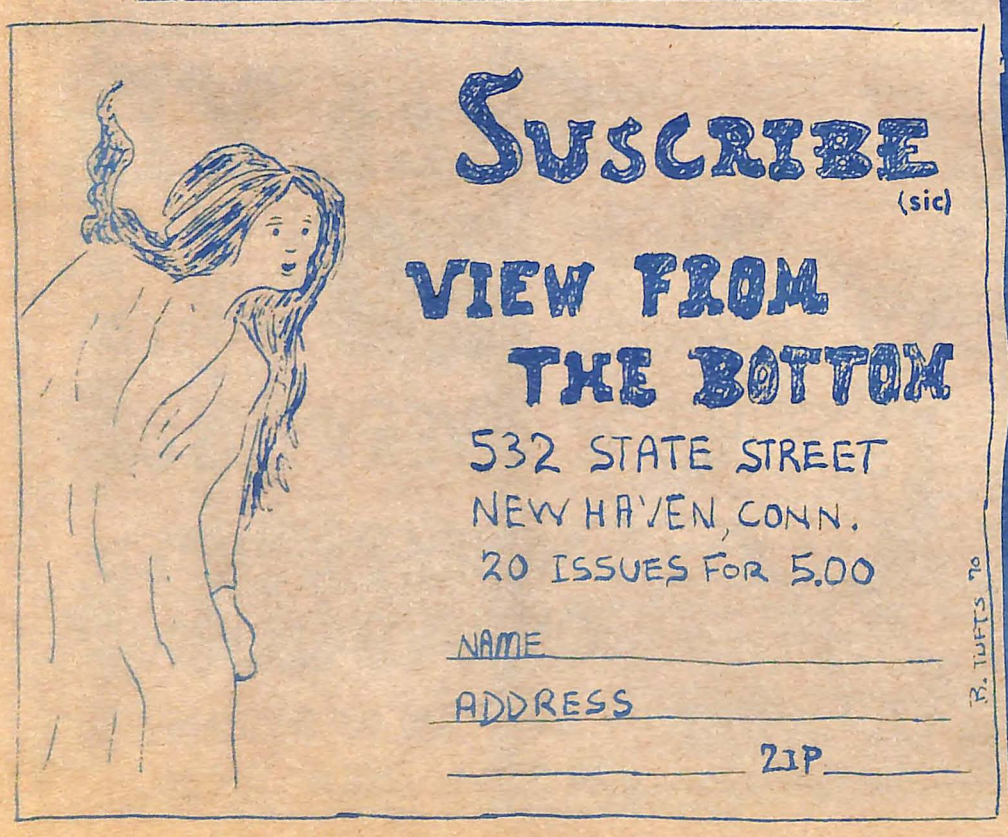
This type of delay won't stop the work of the Party; it will only strengthen the will of the people.

Support or bail money should be sent to 178 Lloyd St., New Haven, Conn. The Patriots may be contacted through the local branch, at 776-1117.

Keep the Faith,
Jerry

MAC TRIFF'S
RESTAURANT
COUNT STEADWELL TRIO
WITH GWEN CLEVELAND
Thursday, Friday, Saturday 9-1
1180 CHAPEL STREET





I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO ROLL A JOINT

The Free School is going through some changes. While courses are still being offered, there are fewer of them, and a large number of the Free School people are putting their energies into building a closer community.

One focus for this new energy is a pot luck communal meal every Thursday at 7:00 PM in the Free School Room (across from the Enormous Room) at 211 Park Street. (Note: the meals will be on Thursday *not* Friday, so as not to have to compete with the music in the Enormous Room. Last week, after the first of these communal dinners, Elissa Rothenberg led an evening of body movement. Next week, February 5th, Ed Askew will play. Ed is a composer and plays the tipple and guitar. He has recorded on ESP records and has played locally at the Exit and elsewhere. He will be playing some of his own work. People are invited to this and every communal meal, and are asked to bring some food.

There will be news about new courses, changes in courses, and other events of the Free School about once a month. Discriptions of courses and news can be placed in the "COURSES" box at the weekly communal dinners, sent to Three Lake Place, New Haven, Conn., or phoned in to Patty or Phil at 562-7509 or Nancy at 562-1973. If you want to participate in the decision making process, come to the monthly gatherings entitled "How do People Come Together?" (see below). We'll put together the information we have to publish, learn for ourselves what is happening in the Free School, and decide what more we want to make happen.

The following are the courses which have been created in the last week:

Psychic Phenomena

Facts are stranger than fiction! Learn some facts about psychic phenomena that may change your life. Come and share with others your own philosophy and strange events you have experienced. This course will be what *you* make it. So come and make it exciting and interesting.

Ray Sheline 232 Sherman Ave. NH
Wednesday, February 4, 211 Park Street

Dawn of a New Age

Presentation and discussion of a new philosophy (the divine principle). A universal understanding that combine Eastern and Western philosophic thought. This teaching is the ideological basis for the unified family and international communal movement that is building a world brotherhood.

John Harris 562-9396

How Do People Come Together?

To meet one evening a month. Beginning after the communal meal for Free School people. To serve as an on-going self-evaluation of the Free School, a focus for the creation of new courses, and a staging group for alternatives to courses.

Phil Werdell and Patty O'Bryan
562-7509
Thursday, 8:30 pm 211 Park Street
(First meeting February 12th.)

Doing Your Own Life-Style Continued from the fall semester

For people who are dissatisfied in existing opportunities for living and working and want something more rewarding. To discover that there are others in the same predicament and discuss where we are at and why. To search for meaningful and viable ways of finding our own styles of life and work. Especially for people who are interested in learning how to help each other.

Nancy Correll 777-9890
Mondays, 7:30 pm 512 State Street
(Each week the course is open to new people.)

Foraging and Cooking Wild Foods

This includes vegetables such as asparagus, pokeweed, dandelion, and tiger lily; fruits such as grapes, pears, berries, and crabapples, not to mention grapeleaves in June; shellfish such as clams and mussels; herbs and spices such as ginger root, scallions, sea lettuce, and mushrooms (some of which are psychedelic); etc.

I hope to meet every other Saturday for outings into the "wilds" of Connecticut and possibly neighboring states, starting at the end of March and to end with the first snows of winter '70.

Gordon or Kendra Mon 239-1810

Life With Natural Foods

We will explore improving health through natural foods. Many special events, including monthly organic dinners, visiting experts in lesser known medical arts, a visit to a farm using simple organic methods of cultivation.

We may broaden into yoga and other forms of exercise, and also we would like to have one or more medical doctors as members of our group, in order to create new knowledge from a wedding of nutrition and medicine.

Sharon Lamb 248-1535
Tuesdays, 8pm, Dwight Hall Library
(first session on Tues. Feb. 10).

Massage, Encounter and Meditation

Led by Ned Hoke, former resident at Esalen Institute, consultant for summerhill schools in the New England Area, group leader at Aureon Institute in New York and Bucks County Seminar House. Ned is interested in working with people on the psychological and on the mystical levels, but would like to keep groups interested in each separate.

Tuesdays, 8 pm, 211 Park Street
(First session February 3)

The Politics of Principle: a Radical Non-Marxist Movement

Marxism and its derivatives have proven to be no longer relevant to the problems confronting Western Civilization. Seeing the need for positive, radical action and enlightened leadership in these revolutionary times, the Freedom Leadership Foundation was formed to catlyze new ideas and new culture which can fulfill the glorious hopes for a new society which have been so cruelly dashed by narrow and cynical doctrines of materialism.

This course will include discussion of new ideology, films, speakers, and participation in community action. Any other individuals and groups, liberal, radical or conservative who are interested in constructive social change are welcome to participate.

Hal McKenzie 562-9396
Monday nights

The Yale Law School Film Society

FEB. 1 DIABOLIQUE. Dir. by Henri-Georges Clouzot. With Simone Signoret. Best foreign flim, N.Y. Film Critics. France, 1955. LC 6:30, 9, 11:15.

FEB. 9 THE GRADUATE. Dir. by Mike Nichols. With Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Katherine Ross. 1967. LS 6:45, 9, 11:00.

FEB. 22 DeAntonio Double Bill:
POINT OF ORDER. Army-McCarthy hearings. 1963.
IN THE YEAR OF THE PIG. Vietnam. 1969.
LS 6:30, 10:00.

YALE FILM SOCIETY

Jan. 30 JOANNA by Michael Sarne 7:00, 9:30
Jan. 31 THE KNACK by Richard Lester 7:00, 9:00, 11:00
Feb. 6 BAUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING by Renoir 7:00, 9:30
Feb. 7 REPULSION by Roman Polanski 7:00, 9:00, 11:00
Feb. 13 BELLE DE JOUR by Luis Bunuel 7:00, 9:00,11:00
Feb. 14 THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY 7:00, 9:00, 11:00

101 Linsly-Chittenden Hall

festival for Change

Three Conspiracies will take place in the near future. They are preludes to the Feb. 21 Conspiracy Day. Since one objective of these three event is to raise money for the Feb. 21 Conspiracy, admission of $1.25 will be charged. These three events are a MUST for all Conspirators or would-be Conspirators. If you can't make it, please send 5 representatives.

Feb. 2 (Monday), Feb. 5 (Thursday), Feb. 8 (Sunday), 7:30 p.m. at the Exit (corner of Elm and College).

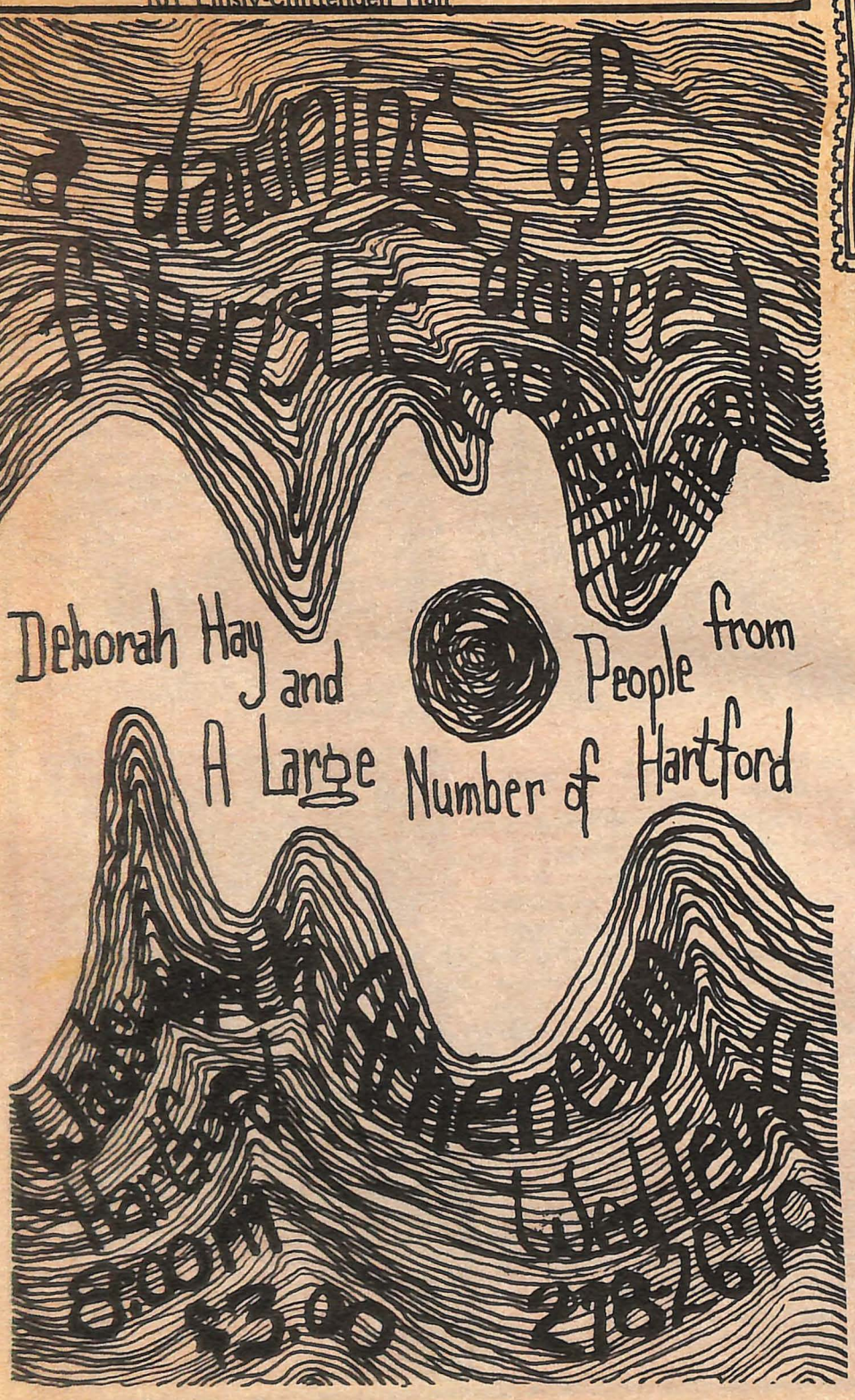
The Folk and Blues Music of New Haven Performing artists include Tony Mason, Bob Cook, Mike Pope, Gary Simpkins, Ed Campbell, and others. (i.e. Ed Askew himself)

New Haven Poetry Scene New Haven Poets who will read include Alan McKnight, Duke, Mr. Turtle, Tricia Knoll, Berger, John Alter, and others.

Films Included are experimental and Newsreel flicks.

Dance and Guerrilla Theater Joan Stone and her troupe will perform *People vs. War.* Joan will also dance and Liz Henderson will rap on guerrilla theater.

View from the Bottom Artist Exhibition: These sketches and drawings are dedicated to no one but old *RUFUS.*



PLEASURES

Fri. Jan. 30
Flick - *Joanna* 7, 9:30 Lindsly-Chit
Play - *Crimes and Crimes* Yale Rep Theater (562-9953) Sat. too
Bluegrass - Enormous Room 211 Park St. 8:30-12 $1
Rock - *Morning* Exit 9:00 $2

Sat. Jan. 31
Flick - *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* 2 pm Lincoln Theater Free to Law School Film Society
Flick - *The Knack* 7, 9:30 LC
Chess - Exit 3-6 25¢ every Saturday
Rock - *Morning* - Exit 9:00 $2
City-folk -- *Swid* Enormous Room, 8:30-1:00 $1

Sun. Feb. 1
Flick -- *Diabolique* 7, 9, 11 LC
Jazz - 211 Park St., 4:00 $.99
Folk dancing - Hendrie Hall, 8-11, 25¢
Jam - Exit, 7:30 25¢

Mon. Feb. 2
Flick - *Faces* 6:30, 9, 11:15 Law School
Resistance Dinner - Enormous Room, 6:00 bring food
Anti-war benefit - Tony Mason, Bob Cook, Mike Pope and others, Exit, 9:00 $1.25

Tues. Feb. 3
Flick - *Women in Love* Lincoln Theater, 2:00, Free to Law School Film Society
Flick - *Wave Length, Standard Time* 7, 9:30 LC
Folk & Jazz - Exit, 9:00 50¢

Wed. Feb. 4
Jazz - *Fever and The Funk House* Exit, 9:00, $1.25
Chamber Music - Enormous Room, 8:30 75¢
Flick - Bunuel's *The Milky Way* Lincoln, 3:00 Free to LSFS
Flick - *The Bank Dick* 7, 9, 11 LC
Play - *Black Comedy* Long Warf thru Feb. 28, Wed & Thur student preview $2

Thurs. Feb. 5
Anti-war Benefit - Newsreel and experimental films, Exit, 9:00 $1.25
Flick - *The Magnificent Americans* 7, 9:30 LC Orson Welles
Meeting - Environmental Offensive to plan Spring Action 7:30 St. Paul's Church, corner of Olive and Chapel
8:30 - Free School Room - 211 Park St. - ED ASKEW - free

Fri. Feb. 6
Boudu Saved from Drowning (Renoir) 7, 9:30 LC
Bluegrass - Enormous Room, 8:30 $1
Folk - Ed and Ruth, Exit, 9:00 $1.50

Sat. Feb. 7
Rock - *Better Daze* with light show, Exit, 9:00, $1.50
City-folk - Enormous Room, 8:30, $1
Flick - *The Molly Maguires* Lincoln, 2:00, Free to LSFS
Flick - *Repulsion* 7, 9, 11 LC

Sun. Feb. 8
Flick - *Cul-de-Sac* 7, 9:30 LS
Anti-war Benefit - poetry with local talent, Exit, 9:00, $1.25

Mon. Feb. 9
Poetry & Song - Exit, 9:00, 25¢
Flick - *The Graduate* 6:45, 9, 11 LS

Tues. Feb. 10
Dance - Debra Hay, Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford - far out
Folk & Jazz - Exit, 9:00 50¢
Flick - *Voyage to Italy* (Rossellini) 7, 9:30 LC

Wed. Feb. 11
Flick - *The Great Dictator* (Chaplin) 7, 9:30 LC
Chamber Music - Enormous Room, 8:30 75¢

Thurs. Feb. 12
Flick - *Roadshow* Exit, 7:30, 9:30 75¢
Flick - *Twentieth Century* 7, 9:30 LC
Spring Offensive to End the War - meeting, 608 Whitney, 8:00

Fri. Feb. 13
Flick - *Belle de Jour* (Bunuel) 7, 9, 11 LC
Rock - Jake's Hope, Exit, 9:00, $2
Bluegrass - Billy Hamilton & the Ohio River Boys, Enormous Room, 8:30, $1

Sat. Feb. 14
Flick - *Through a Glass Darkly* (Bergman) 7, 9, 11 LC
Rock - Jake's Hope, Exit, 9:00 $2
Folk - Swid, Enormous Room 8:30 $1
Don - Celebration of Life

Sun. Feb. 15
Flicks - *To Be or Not To Be* 8:30 and *Trouble in Paradise* 7, 10 LS
Jam - Exit, 7:30 25¢

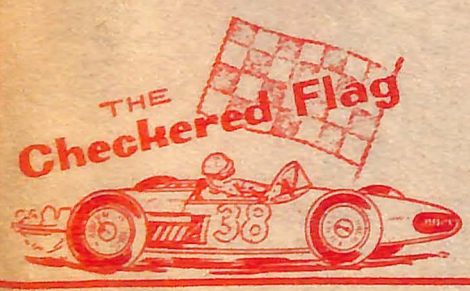
Mon. Feb. 16
Flick - *Last Year at Marienbad* 7, 9, 11 LC
Flick - W. C. Fields, 9,10 Exit, 50¢

Tues. Feb. 17
Folk & Jazz - Exit, 9:00 50¢
Flick - *Paris Does Strange Things* (Renoir) 7, 9:30 LC

Wed. Feb. 18
Flick - *Donovan's Reef* (John & Lee) 7, 9:30 LC
Rock - Underground Movement, Exit, 9:00 $1.25
Chamber Music - Enormous Room, 8:30, 75¢

Thurs. Feb. 19
Flick - *Topper Returns* Exit, 7:30, 9:30 75¢
Flick - 6 experimental films 7, 9:30 LC

Continuing:
VD Clinic - Mon, Wed, Fri 10-12, 4-5 1 State St. Free
Farmer's Market - weekdays 7-3,490 Boulevard - beat the middleman
Peabody Museum of Natural History - weekdays 9-5, weekends 1-5 adults 25¢, a good trip

HEADQUARTERS
REPLACEMENT-PARTS FOR VW AND OTHER FOREIGN CARS


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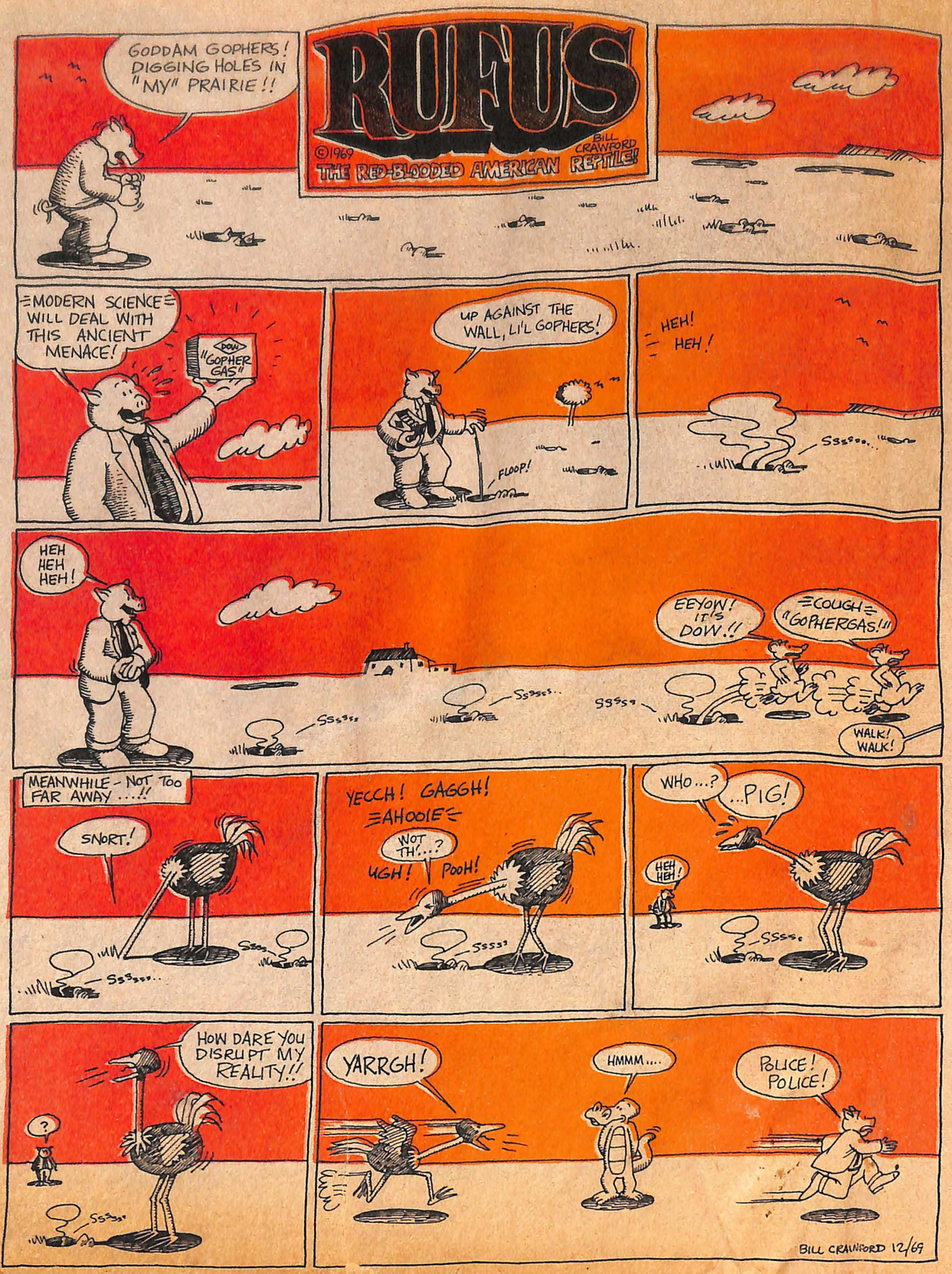
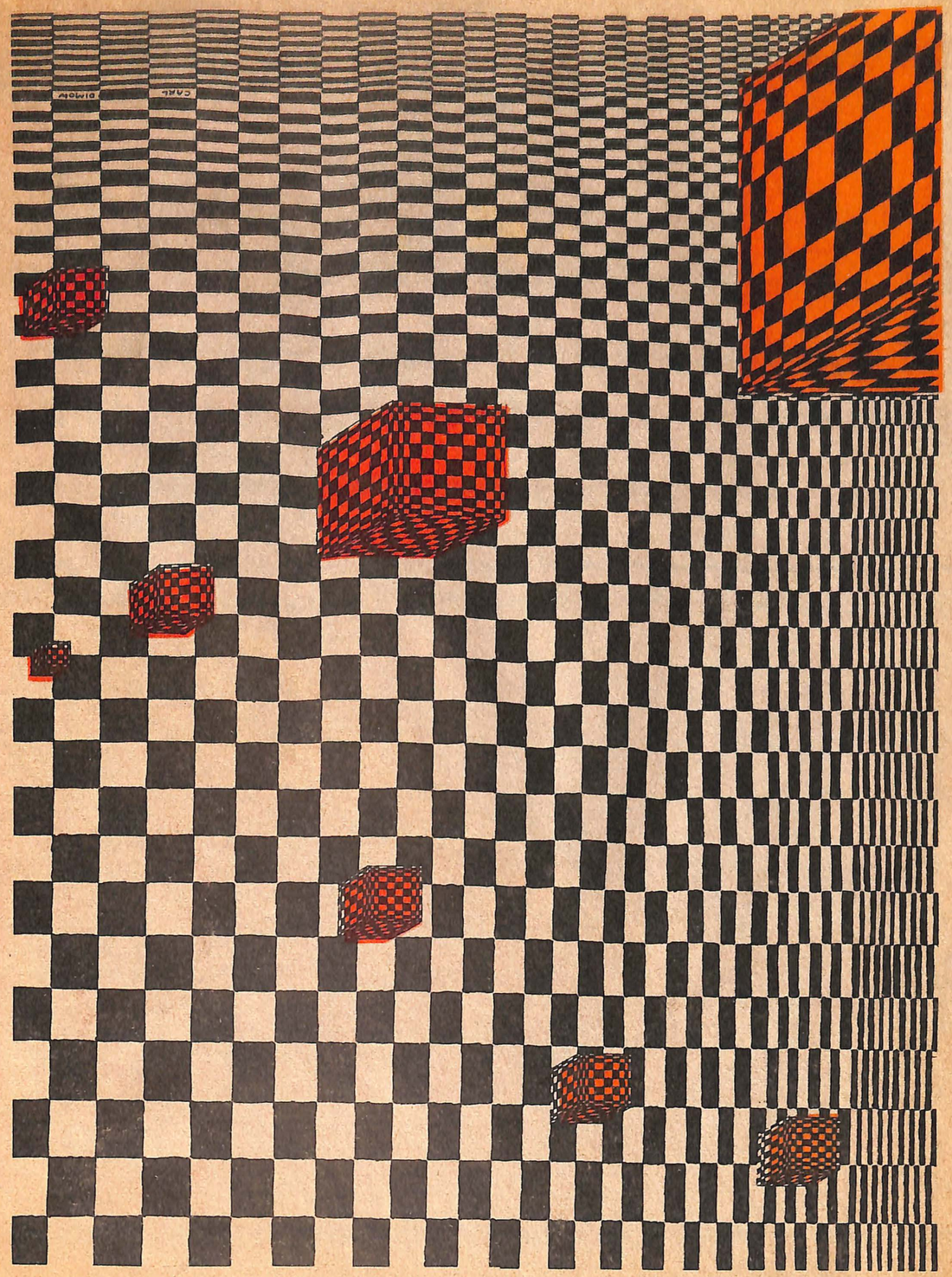
That 'Sundance Kid' Again
DOWNHILL RACER
NEXT—CHARLE CHAPLIN "THE CIRCUS"


RUFUS
©1969 BILL CRAWFORD
THE RED-BLOODED AMERICAN REPTILE!
GODDAM GOPHERS! DIGGING HOLES IN "MY" PRAIRIE!!
=MODERN SCIENCE= WILL DEAL WITH THIS ANCIENT MENACE!
DOW "GOPHER GAS"
UP AGAINST THE WALL, LI'L GOPHERS!
FLOOP!
HEH! HEH!
SSSSOO...
HEH HEH HEH!
SSSSSS
SSSSSS..
SSSSS
EEYOW! IT'S DOW!!
=COUGH= "GOPHERGAS!!!"
WALK! WALK!
MEANWHILE - NOT TOO FAR AWAY ....!!
SNORT!
SSSSSS..
YECCH! GAGGH! =AHOOIE=
WOT TH!...?
UGH! POOH!
SSSSS
WHO...?
...PIG!
HEH HEH!
SSSSS
HOW DARE YOU DISRUPT MY REALITY!!
?
SSSSS
YARRGH!
HMMM....
POLICE! POLICE!
BILL CRAWFORD 12/69